L. P. Fisher

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church,

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The Fashionable Dressmaker of Woodland, is constantly receiving from the East the latest styles of ladies apparel, which she fits to suit all tastes. When you are in Woodland, ladies,

GIVE HER A CALL.

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Capital Stock, $500,000.

J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
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Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.

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Collections Receive Prompt Attention.

County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

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Opposite Craft Hotel,

WOODLAND.

GOOD FITS GUARANTEED!

Charges moderate—All work warranted.

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SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER

Importer from the East.

Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.

Two doors west of Express Office,

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FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE.

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Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods.

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Desire to inform the people that they have as large and fine a selected tock of

GROCERIES

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PROVISIONS

As can be found in Yolo county, which they will sel

As Cheap as the Cheapest.

—THE—

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DEPARTMENT

Is complete in every particular, and the goods are all new and fresh, and of the latest styles.

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SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY!

THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICAL AND FAMILY PURPOSES.

Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.

It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.

It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.

I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.

☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to

BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.

CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.

G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St., Boston, September 9, 1873.

GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.

The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.

Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.

G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDERBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to conteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.

Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr, S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, averring that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of itc excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Sold Agents for Yolo County,

Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

Great Bargains!

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F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E!

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

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C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland

Old Mining Camps.

An old mining camp, in the growing hours of dusk, has an air of the most peaceful acquiescence with the ways of Providence. There is nothing else like it in the universe. The sleepiest fisher-village which ever clung to black cliffs above the lazy breakers and the white shore, will rouse when shoals of herring fill the bay, or when the Winter storms come with their wild rage, bearing some doomed ship on the foaming rocks; the sleepiest village of the valleys grows, though slowly, by increase in value of lands, and the drift of improvements in the community. But the old mining camp is a mystery to the thoughtful inquirer. If a man moves away there his house stands, and rots into a pile of kindling wood. Yonder was a pretty garden on the slope, but the progress of the mines has cut the water ditches, which now cannot reach it, and so it is neglected and barren. Here is a building—solid brick walls, iron shutters, door which would withstand a siege; it was a bank once, where exchanges could be had on London, Hamburg, and all the great centers of trade; now it is plastered over with red paper signs, and occupied by a score of narrow-lidded, yellow Chinese. Yet there are quiet, shaded cottages, and the most lovely of homes in almost every one of these old mining camps. Take a little turn, apart from the decaying business center of the town, and you will find what would delight the most case-hardened traveler. Quiet men sitting on the doorsteps, and watching that last quiver of sunlight in the pines which is so eternally new and glorious; fair women in Summer garments of white, standing by fragrant pillars of roses; chubby-faced children, full of healthy merriment, slipping in and out among the trees, or playing on the terraced bit of grass plot beside the grape-trellis. Ah! we have at last found out the charm of many mountain towns which cynical tourists delight to deny. There are abiding places, and homes of men here also, even as in the fairest of valleys.—[C. H. Shinn, in Horticulturist.

The hopes of the Fenian Brotherhood in this city have risen again in consequence of the agricultural distress in England and Ireland, partly through American rivalry in grain and cattle. They regard a reform of the land laws and comparative impoverishment of the aristocracy as speedy results, and believe that an abolition of the expense of monarchy and the establishment of a republic will ensue. They view with satisfaction the heavy expense that the Zulu war is entailing as an additional element of discontent in England, and trust that it will be sufficiently prolonged to cripple the resources of the country. These subjects were discussed with animation in the secret meetings of the several lodges in the Academy Hall and elsewhere yesterday afternoon. The brotherhood are watching trans-Atlantic affairs with great interest, and their gatherings are invariably well attended. Mr. James Stephens, the ex-Fenian head center, has lately returned from a tour of several months through the Eastern States, and reports the Fenian clubs there as having large memberships and as active and united. He will soon make a tour of the West. —[N. Y. Sun.

A few nights ago Conductor Verrili of the Virginia and Truckee express train, was going through his car when he noticed a lady asleep in her seat. Her head was resting on the window and her feet extended to the aisle. Her dress was so badly disarranged that her ankle and a goodly portion of an exquisitely-fashioned calf were plainly visible, and a number of men a few seats further down, were contemplating the scene with evident satisfaction. Mr. Verrili, who always keeps things pretty straight on the train, noticed this, and tapping the woman on the shoulder awoke her.

"Madam, excuse me for disturbing you, but your dress is so disarranged that your ankle is exposed."

"Oh, that makes no difference, sir," replied the lady, smiling sweetly; "its nothing but cork."

Verrili was in the baggage car in less than four seconds wiping the perspiration from his brow.

The Dollars of the Daddies.

The United States Treasurer, Gilfillan, has decided to require all the employes in Washington to take ten per cent. of their salaries in silver. Here is what the Chicago *Tribune* says upon the subject: "If the intention is to pay out silver *pro rata* with gold, it should be twenty at least, instead of ten per cent. as less than eighty per cent of the coin in the Treasury is gold. But why restrict the payment to the Washington clerks? Why not pay silver to all Government office-holders and creditors? The blacks in the South are very fond of silver. One-half the disbursements in the South to office-holders should be made in silver dollars, until they are well circulated throughtout that section of the Union. The negroes will absorb several millions of the dollars of the daddies, if they can be had—as they prefer the big, white, palpable silver dollar to paper money, or even gold. Every dollar of silver in the Treasury can be put in circulation within sixty days, if the Secretary desires it. Of course, more or less of it will find its way back to the Treasury in payment of taxes; but this is legitimate. When the silver dollars return to the sub-treasuries, why, pay them out again. That is what they are for; to circulate; to do business with; to pay debts and taxes and make purchases. It was never intended by the members of Congress who passed the Silver Bill over the veto, and in spite of the opposition of John Sherman, that the silver dollars shonld be coined and stacked up in the Treasury vaults, there to remain in idleness."

Yankee Hill.

A famous actor in the first half of the present century, used to tell an amusing story of the early days of the theater in this country. Hill once "showed" in a town in the western part of New York where no theatrical performance had ever been given. He found the audience assembled with the women seated on one side of the hall, the men on the other, exactly as they were used to sitting in church; and throughout the play the most solemn silence was observed. They were attentive, but they gave no evidence of approval or displeasure; there was no applause, no laughter; there was not even a smile; all was solemn stillness. Hill did his utmost to break the ice; he did every thing a clever comedian could do, but in vain. He flung himself against their rigidity; it was no use. The audience was evidently on its best behavior and the curtain came down at last amid a silence oppressive and almost melancholy. After the play, Hill, worn out by his extra exertion and mortified at his want of success, passed through a public room to his hotel, when he was stopped by a tall countryman with the remark: "Say, mister, I was into the play tonight." "Were you?" said Hill. "You must have been greatly entertained." "Well, I was! I tell you what it is now, my mouth is all sore a-straining to keep my face straight. And if it hadn't been for the women, I'd 'a laughed right out in meetin'."

An extensive fire raged in the woods on the southeastern side of Lake Tahoe, between Glenbrook and Hot Springs, all last week. There were, besides, small scattered fires burning in the timber all around the lake. The fire is not doing much damage to the large trees, but is consuming the underbrush, fallen timber and young growth. The smoke is so thick over the water that one cannot see across the lake. At night the spectacle of the blazing timber is most beautiful.

Gen. John B. Frisbie is said to be rich man again—a real bonanza king, as it were. He has a mine down in Mexico, and a journal there says it has ore in sight that goes into the millions. The remainder of the Vallejoites will now probably be emigrating to Mexico. —[Sac. Bee.

A clergyman in a certain town, as the custom is, having published the banns of matrimony between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words: "Deluded souls, that dream of heaven!"

Willis, the Gambler.

It was at Whisky Gulch, in '54; there was about fifty cabins, two stores, and several saloons and lodging houses. A lodging house caught fire; there was a poor woman and a child in the second story; the stairway was in a blaze; at least one hundred and fifty men were standing around listening to the agonizing shrieks of that poor woman; the house, enveloped in flames, gave no hope of rescue. A tall, slender young man, dressed in the hight of fashion, known as Willis, the gambler, rushed to the front door and looking at the cauldron of fire within, turned and asked for a wet blanket. In a moment one was placed in his hands; he wrapped it around him and disappeared in the flames. In a moment more he appeared at the window with the child, broke out the sash and threw the child; it was caught by two men on a large overcoat. Again he disappeared, and returned with the woman in his arms. A canvas tent, held by a dozen stalwart miners, was ready to, and did receive her, as the apparently lifeless form was cast out. The building was now a roaring furnace, and Willis leaped from the window to the ground, breaking his leg. His face and arms were severely burned. For six long weeks he lay upon his bed, but kindly hands nursed him; every man and woman in the camp honored the hero of the fire, by their presence, day and night; there was no lagging then; enough could not be done for Willis, the gambler. At length he recovered, maimed for the life, his mouth being drawn out of shape. The men, however, swore by him, and the women worshipped his very deformity.

A Queer Hymn Book.

A good joke is told of a preacher in Nebraska, who had dined with a friend just before afternoon services. As it happened, this friend occasionally luxuriated in a morocco-covered flask in his over-coat pocket. By mistake, the minister took the friend's overcoat for his own on his departure, and walking into the pulpit, began the exercices without doffing the garment, it being rather chilly in the room. Looking very ministerially over his congregation from behind his spectacles, he began drawing from his pocket, as he supposed, his hymn-book, with the introductory remark that the congregation would sing from a particular page which he selected beforehand. The minister held the supposed book up in full sight of the congregation, and attempted to open it sideways, but it was no go. The situation was realized in a moment, but, alas! too late. His reverence was dumfounded. The who scene was made ludicrous by a fellow in the back part of the congregation, not altogether too sober, who drawled out:

"Say, Mister, can we all (hic) jine in that ar' hymn?"

Curious Mode of Recovering Debts.

In Ceylon they have an odd usage among them to recover their debts, which is this: They will sometimes go to the houses of their debtors with the leaves of neungala, a certain plant which is rank poison, and threaten him that they will eat that poison and destroy themselves unless he will pay him what he owes. The debtor is much afraid of this, and rather than the other should posion himself will sometimes sell a child to pay the debt. Not that the one is tender of the life of the other, but out of care for himself; for if the person dies of the poison, the other, for whose sake he poisoned himself, must pay a ransom for his own life. By this means also they will threaten to revenge themselves on those with whom they have any contest, and do it, too. And, upon the same intent, they will also jump down a steep place, or hang or make away with themselves, so that they may bring their adversary to great damage.

"Female barbers," said Snodgrass, repeating a paragraph announcement he just read in the paper, "I don't believe in 'em." "Why not?" we asked. "Because I remember what trouble Samson got into by letting a woman cut his hair."

Subscribe for the STANDARD.

Incompatibility.

"At last, since thou art all my own,
My love, my life, my promised bride!"
He murmurs softly, sinking down
Clarinda's peerless form beside—
"Let's figure, sweet, how we'll begin
Our married state that is to be."
"Yes, love! To cut a figure in
The world is all my wish!" said she.

"For house," says he, "what better than
A tiny cot by ocean's flow?"
"'Twould do," she says, behind her fan,
"If marble fronts were scarce, you know!"
"Ahem! And we might well engage
One maid-of-all-work, stout and neat!"
"Y-e-e-s! and a footman, cook and page,
And coach-and-pair!" she murmurs sweet.

"Why, really, dear!—but words are air—
With Love for guest at home a-field,
Our food shall be the simplest fare,
Our drink the dairy's snowy yield!"
"Y-e-e-s! with etceteras rare and blest,"
She coyly adds, "that money brings—
Fish; game in season; wines the best;
Broils, stews, fruit-cake, ice-cream and things."

"In Midas' name!" he cries, with look
And tone and mein from rapture free,
"Dost deem a millionaire to hook,
Ambitious girl, in wedding me?"
"Why, not at all, Sir Stinginess!"
She quick responds, with scornful shout;
"But just remember, none the less,
As servant I'm not hiring out!"

They sever—she with angry look
That never bids him pause nor stay;
He clutching tight his pocket-book,
And precious glad to get away.
"Dissembling might have done with tact,
If not too soon betrayed," says she;
"How lucky that to sober fact
I brought her ere too late!" said he.

Fanny Thorn's Hospitality.

"Who can that be ringing the bell at this time of night?" cried Fanny Thorne, starting from the embrace of the great easy-chair, in which she had been taking a nap.

The family, with several guests from the city, had gone to a country wedding six or eight miles away, leaving Fanny and a servant in charge of the house.

The weary servant had fallen asleep in her chair in the kitchen; so Fanny, always kind, had sent her off to bed. It was now ten o'clock. While she was rubbing her eyes open, the ringing was repeated violently.

Fanny thought of tramps and grew timid. But she caught her "blue Skye" off the sofa, held him up in full view, and started very bravely for the hall-door to face the foe. Wouldn't a tramp have laughed at such an assailant?

The bell rang again just as she opened the the door, looking very bold and defiant, and thrust forward her brave defender witn blue ribbons in his ears and around his neck.

"Good evening, my child," said an old gentleman, who stood before her, with a carpet-bag in one hand, and a cane in the other. "Is your father at home?"

"No, sir," replied Fanny; "he will not be at home for two hours."

"Then I hope you will be my hostess, my child," said the old man, stepping into the hall and laying down his burden. "I took the wrong road from the station, and so have missed the hotel I was going to for the night. I stopped at a house above here, and asked if there was a hotel near, but was told there was none, though there was a parsonage where strangers were entertained, and where I would fare much better. Then I remembered that your father lived here, and I felt sure he would remember me, and shelter me after my weary walk."

"Oh, I know he would!" replied Fanny, laying down her brave dog, who was too sleepy even to bark at the stranger. "Father's always teaching us to be hospitable, and I'm sure he'd welcome you—but—but—our house is packed full for to-night. I'd give you my little room, but a lady from the city, who has gone with them all to the wedding, is to share it with me."

The old gentleman, who said his name was Seton, suggested a lounge or a sofa, and that settled matters.

Fanny, who was both thoughtful and capable, made up a nice bed on a back-parlor sofa, and then bade him "good-night."

Feeling a little chilly, she went up to her room for a shawl before curling up again in the big-chair in the sitting-room. Her pillow looked so inviting that she dropped her head on it, just for one moment; but before that moment was gone, she was in the land of dreams.

Some time after midnight, the family returned, having left the lady who had expected to share Fanny's room behind them. Being all very weary, they soon retired.

Silence and slumber settled on the house, and the tall old clock in the hall rang out "one" "two," and "three" and without waking any of the sleepers.

But soon after that, every one was startled by rapid sweeps of music, first from the deepest bass to the highest notes, and then followed the descending scale, with a rapid swiftness scarcely mortal. The sounds evidently proceeded from the piano in the parlor.

Could either of the guests be a somnambulist, or had some musical maniac gained access to the parlors in the absence of the family?

But the sounds stopped suddenly as they had come; and all, concluding that they had been dreaming of music, settled themselves to rest again.

Suddenly, broken notes of melody were again heard, and they continued to be repeated at intervals of a moment or two.

Soon, the gentlemen of the house, armed with shovel and tongs, and joined by half a-dozen white robed nymphs, was garrisoning the parlor doors. Mr. Thorne knocked smartly with the steel head of the shovel, at the same time crying out—

"Who are you? Speak quick, before I fire!"

"I—I—I," replied a trembling voice, "I am Rev. Mr. Seton, of Spring Hollow."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, I know Mr. Seton, and shall give him a warm welcome!"

Mr. Thorne tried the parlor door, but it was locked from within.

"Turn that key at once, will you?" cried Mr. Thorne, a little fiercely.

"I can't find the door! O, dear, what shall I do?" answered a piping voice.

"Feel round till you do find it, sir! There, now, you've struck the knob!"

The door was soon opened, and a poor, trembling, half-dressed old man was confronted by eight pale-faced persons, half of whom held their candles almost into his face, as if to read him through and through.

"How did you get in here, sir, in this plight?" cried Mr. Thorne, but adding at once, "Why, I really believe you are Mr. Seton! Go away ladies, I will attend to this matter myself."

Then the old gentleman told his story and the sight of the bed on the sofa confirmed it.

"I was dreaming," he said, "that I was at home, and very thirsty. I got up to go to the well for a cool drink. I couldn't find my chamber door where I thought it was; and then I got confused, and have been groping my way about, I can't tell how long. Every way I turned, I struck on a piano. How many of them can you have, Mr. Thorn?"

The ladies, who were still hanging round the door, heard this, and burst out laughing as they thought of the poor gentleman's repeated gyrations, each one of which brought him into such intimate relations to the one piano.

After a pleasant chat, and a warm welcome to his guest, Mr. Thorne did his best to restore to order the impromptu bed. He brought the cool water the old gentleman had been hunting for, and then bade him good-night. Fanny had slept through all the disturbance, and was not aware of what had occurred until her mother went to her room and found her asleep in her evening dress upon the bed. She was commended for her hospitality to the bewildered clergyman, but laughed at as a sentinel who had fallen asleep at her post of duty.—*Youths' Companion.*

Japanese Rock Crystal.

In every house of the better sort in Japan there is a *tokonoma*, or raised special place for keeping objects of art and beauty. The evolution of the æsthetic out of the useful is nowhere better illustrated than in the history of the tokonoma, which was anciently the sleeping place, or recess for the bed. Now it is a place of honor, occupying one-half of a side of the parlor or best room, its finish and appointments being superior to those of any other part of the house. It is a recess two feet deep, and raised four or six inches above the matting-covered floor. In it hang suspended on the wall a kakemono, or scroll-painting on silk, a bronze or porcelain vase of flowers, a fan-holder, with its tiers of open fans ready for use, besides other works characteristic of native art.

One of the objects often seen is a dai, or stand, gold-lacquered, or made of perfumed, carved or rare wood. The dai is one or two feet high, and has on the top a black velvet or crimson crape cushion, or a silver claw, whereupon reposes a globe of rock-crystal. Pure, flawless, transparent, a perfect sphere, it seems like a bubble of spring water hovering in the air. Often the dai, or stand, is a piece of elaborate art in bronze, porcelain, or lacquer, representing a beetling crag or lofty in accessible rock, crested with the flawless jewel. Around the base the waves curl and foam, and up the side moves in crackling coil a jealous dragon, with eager, outstretched jaws, and claws ready to grasp and bear away the precious prize. Or, on a pyramid of waves hardened in bronze, with silver foam-flecks on the polish of the rolling mass, will repose inviolate the gem sphere.

The Japanese virtuoso loves to have among his collection at least one bronze of wave and stormy petrel, where, amid the recesses of the hooked foam, nestle a half dozen or more of small crystal balls, from the size of a marble to that of an apple. In nearly all Japanese art and bric-a-brac stores will be seen these gems on sale, and unless the foreign buyer's nerves are very strong, the prices asked will be very likely to startle him as though he had been touched by an electric eel.

The merest tyro in Japanese art, be he admirer or purchaser, can not have failed to notice the dragon clutching in his claw a ball or pear-shaped jewel. In the various forms of their art expression, crystal, both in China and Japan, commands a high value, both pecuniary and symbolic. In the airy realms of imagination, and in the markets where men buy and sell, rock-crystal is among these precious things.—Rev W. E. Griffiths, *in Harper's Magazine.*

"Daft Willie Law was the descendant of ancient family, nearly related to the famous John Law, of Lauriesto, the celebrated financier of France. Willie, on that account, was often spoken to and taken notice of by gentlemen of distinction. Posting one day through Kirkcaldy with more than ordinary speed 'Daft Willie Law was met by Mr. Oswald, of Dunnikier, who asked him where he was going in such a hurry. 'Gaun!' says Willie, with apparent surprise, 'I'm gaun to my cousin Lord Elgin's burial,' 'Your cousin Lord Elgin's burial, you fool; Lord Elgin's not dead,' replied Mr. Oswald. 'Ah! deil ma care,' quoth Willie, 'there's sax doctors out o' Embro' at 'im, and they'll hae him dead afore I win forrit;' and off he posted at increased speed."

Petrarch's Word.—Petrarch was a poet whose home was in that soft and sunny land called Italy. One day he was summoned to court as a witness on a trial. On entering the witness-box he prepared to take the usual oath, when the judge, closing the Holy Book, said,

"As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

Wasn't that a fine compliment to the poet's character? He had always been so careful to speak the truth that his bare word was considered equal to other men's oaths. Noble poet. May every reader be as truthful as Petrarch.

How Ohio Came to be Called the "Buckeye" State.

By association, very insignificant events frequently become memorable, if not important, and this fact is illustrated by the little incident that is said to have given the name of "Buckeye" instead of "Beach Tree" State, to Ohio. Until the 7th of April, 1788, the forest of the territory now embraced within the State had been untouched by an axe of an actual white settler. Hunting, scouting, and surveying parties, and even small armies had passed over the ground, for it was at the head of an armed force in the Scioto Valley, near the site of the present city of Chillicothe, that Lord Dunmore, the Colonial Governor of Virginia, listened to the famous speech of Logan, the celebrated Mingo Chief. One or two military posts had also been established in the country, but of resident white settlers there were none, until the date already mentioned.

Your readers are aware that the first settlement was made at Marietta, at the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, by a body of New England emigrants, forming a part of the Ohio Company, an incorporated body presided over by General Rufus Putnam, of Massachusetts, assisted by a board of directors, composed of gentlemen of integrity and marked ability. General Putnam was a cousin of the revolutionary hero, General Israel Putnam. The company had purchased from the old Congress a large body of land in the southeastern part of the territory, and the mouth of the Muskingum was selected as the site of the first settlement. During the winter 1787-8, the first installment of the company's emigrants, numbering forty-eight men, were preparing for removal and were journeying by wagon train from New England to Pittsburg. In consequence of the almost impassable condition of the roads over the mountains caused by heavy falls, the wagons were abandoned, and by pack horses the company reached Sumrell's Ferry, thirty miles above Pittsburg, in the latter part of March. Here the emigrants found a craft somewhat resembling a common flatboat, but with a roof and raking bow, so that it could be used in ascending as well as descending the stream. This craft was named the *Mayflower.* They had also one ordinary flatboat and three large canoes. On this insignificant flatboat forty-eight men, the germ of the State of Ohio, with its millions of population, its vast stores of wealth, and its eminent position in our sisterhood of States, embarked for their destination. After floating for a few days without any marked incident, about noon on the 7th of April, 1788, the settlers landed on the site of the present city of Marietta. Two of them immediately took each his own axe, each wishing to cut the first tree. Neither of them knew the species of the tree selected by him. One attacked a beech, which being a hard wood, the process of felling was slow. The other selected a buckeye, which being soft, soon came to the ground. And thus, it is affirmed by a family tradition, which during ninety-one years past has not been contradicted by any history or denied by any counter statement, Ohio came to be called the "Buckeye" State. The successful competitor in this little contest was Capt. Daniel Davis, of Killingly, Windham county, Connecticut. He was my honored grandfather, who, with a somewhat numerous family, spent five years in a private, or neighboring fortification, called Fort Frye, which was located where the town of Beverly, in Washington county, now stands. With his eldest two sons he participated in the perils of Indian warfare, with which the settlers were harassed until after Gen. Wayne's victory over the savages of the Northwest in August, 1794.—*Marietta Register.*

Where Does Coal Oil Come From?

This is one of the questions that has long agitated the scientific world, and upon the answer to it more depends than seems at first sight. If we know its source, we can fairly determine as to the nature and extent of the supplies, and as to where to look for them.

The *Scientific American* is now discussing the subject. Some have thought that the oils have been produced by a slow distillation during the process of coal formation. A fatal objection, however, to this theory is found in the fact that Great Britain, which has immense coal-beds, contains nothing of this kind, though supposed traces have been found here and there.

The Siberian and Devonian rocks, which contain the sources of most of the oil-wells now in existence, have great quantities of fossil remains and this has suggested the theory that the oils have resulted from their decomposition.

Professor Mendeljeff thinks that, on the first formation of the earth, vast reservoirs of inorganic iron and carbon existed in the interior of the globe. These were reached by the water condensing on the newly-formed land percolating beneath its surface. The heat decomposed the water into its component parts—oxygen and hydrogen, the first forming with the iron, oxide of iron, the latter with the carbon petroleum and other hydro-carbons. If this theory be the correct one, there still exists in the center of the earth reservoirs of petroleum that are to the sources as yet known as the ocean is the spring, whose waters finally find a resting-place in its bosom.

A Washington dispatch conveys the news that the grave of Brigham Young, who left somewhere about seventeen widows, seems utterly neglected. It is possible that the privilege of being one-seventeenth of a widow is even less precious in the eyes of the Mormon female than that of being one-seventeenth of a wife.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Virginia *Tobacco Journal* says: "The information we have from all the tobacco-growing sections indicates that we shall have an average crop of tobacco this year as to quantity, and more than an average one as to quality, if the season prove propitious."

These are my grows earnings for the year, said Rusticus when he received payment for his crops.—*Cin. Com'l.*

Our Front Parlors.

The average American parlor is not to be lived in. It is solely for "company." It may be sat in occasionally and respectfully gazed at, but no familiarities may be taken with the furniture. It confers little sense of ease. The chairs are always on dress parade. They never stray an inch from their places. The books on the table are likewise accurately and regimentally disposed. Everything bears the impress of the last funeral. It is a sad, solemn, and often gloomy place. The front blinds are seldom opened. A dim, sepulchral light struggles through them. The sun is an unwelcome intruder. If allowed to enter, he would cheer up matters and disperse some of the poison of dampness which slowly gathers day by day—but he would fade the carpet. Health, cheer, and even life, in the housekeeper's estimation, are trifles when compared with the perpetuity of the colors on her carpet.

The front parlor is a well-furnished family sepulchre. It is a costly shrine consecrated to gloom, silence and obscurity. The family live, move, and endure being in the kitchen. The furniture acquires no individuality through use. The chairs and tables are as bright and shiny as when they came from the upholsterers. They have no character. In the comparatively few parlors which are lived in, every household appliance develops certain features, the result of use and usefulness. The arm-chair of *pater familias* has a dignity worn upon it; the maternal rocking-chair looks easy, gracious and accessible; the table covered with opened books and papers seems endowed with mental activity and vigor; the pictures on the wall look as if imbued with satisfaction as a source of constant pleasure to human eyes; the remaining chairs scattered about, even when not occupied, seem on social terms with each other, and the opened piano suggests the hospitality of harmony.

But for the parlor which is not lived in, the shut piano suggests a screwed-down coffin. The ever empty chair seems a well-dressed chief mourner, the other chairs are pall-bearers. The pictures are without heart-soul, and the table might as well be a pulpit. Everything seems eternally sitting, wrapped in somber contemplation and meditating a dreadful judgment on somebody. Company can never warm up and be enlivened in such a place. The influence of days and weeks and weeks of a sad, gloomy, brooding solitude is too strong. Skeletons and ghouls haunt the room. You can not see, but you do feel them. Jokes only weakly fizzle there, wit splutters and dies, humor is frightened and flees; because the room and its furniture have not been educated in their parts. It is but an upholsterer's show.

Thousands of these domestic tombs are superstitiously kept up in our city. They may be known at once by the long rows of closely-shut green blinds on the outer walls. Occasionally they are lit up, like the little tomb chapels in Pere la Chaise on All Souls' Day. Men and women buy from time to time out of their hard earnings some new ornament, and dedicate it to the fetich of the sad and gloomy front parlor. In this they realize a sort of gloomy pleasure. But they live in the kitchen. The kitchen is the stokehole in which much of the work is performed to man the dignity of the sepulchre up-stairs. The family lives in an atmosphere and rattle of stoves, pokers, scuttles, tongs, pumps, suds, frying-pans, peeled potatoes and buckwheat batter. The entire family mind is ever crammed full of these things. Because, even when away from the stokehole for a limited period, the stoves, pokers, tongs, scuttles, peeled potatoes, suds, frying-pans and buckwheat batter are still in remembrance—ever present realities.

The real use of a front parlor is that of a cheerful refuge and rest from these things. But a prevalent custom has converted it into a tomb. These parlors need only a gravestone erected in the center to make them consistently complete. On it should be inscribed: "In memory of Life, Light and Cheerfulness, who starved to death in this place long ago!"

Jelly for Tongue.—One half of a box of gelatine, soaked in cold water enough to cover it for one hour or more. One and one-half pints of stock, Beef to be used if you want it clear; veal or chicken if you prefer it light. One good sized slice of onion; one stalk of celery; salt and pepper; six pepper corns; four whole cloves; four whole allspice. Put it on to boil. Let it simmer gently for about ten minutes. Now add the gelatine. Take the mixture off immediately. Strain through an old napkin, and it is ready to use.

Should you prefer the jelly very transparent add the whites of eggs when you add the spices. Let it simmer for twenty minutes.

The stock for the jelly is made the same as for clear soup: One pound of clean beef and one quart of water. Let it come to a boil very slowly; skim carefully; set back and keep at just a boiling point, that is, so that there will be only one or two bubbles appearing at the top, for eight or ten hours.

In making soup there should be, when it is done, about as much water as when the meat was first put in; that is, there should be comparatively little evaporation. The cover should be kept tightly in place over the kettle, otherwise the flavor will be lost and the meat become hard.

A colored minister in Georgia was brought to trial before his church on a charge of stealing bacon. After a number of witnesses had been examined the deacons retired, and soon afterward returned the following verdict: "The Rev. Moses Bledso am ackwitted ob de sinuations dat he actual stole de pork, as 'twas not shore dat sumbody else miten't have been wearin' his cloze; but de brudder is heerby 'fectionately warned dat in de future he must be more keerful."

To clean woolen cloth—Take equal parts of spirits of hartshorn and ether. Ox-gall mixed with it makes it much better.

A Cantata in Texas.

We are prone to form a bad opinion of the morals of Texas by the reports that are conveyed to our ears through the venial press. One would be led to think that every citizen carries from six to ten revolvers, to say nothing of a few dirks and several torpedoes in his coat-tail pocket. Now, I am pleased to correct this false impression, having but recently returned from that State, where I attended a cantata of "Queen Esther." Will you let me tell the gossipers how the affair passed off? St. Killiad is a pleasant town near the Mexican line. It is noted for docility. No man is allowed to carry more than six pistols at once there, and the magistrate recently fined a dead nigger for carrying a shot-gun concealed about his person. The Sunday school scholars are made to deposit their pistols in the vestibule before the school opens, and no minister is permitted to keep more than two shot guns in the pulpit.

The cantata, the first ever gotten up at St. Killiad, was a sublime affair. Hobson Hall was filled at an early hour. During the opening chorus a strange noise was heard behind the stage, and the manager said that their Haman had accidentally shot himself while practicing with Mordecai, and Bill Briggs was substituted. Bill forthwith made his appearance with pants stuck in boots, in the most nonchalant manner, and began to call Mordecai a second-hand clothing store and other pet names. I saw at once that Bill had the heart of the audience, for cries of "Go in Bill!" "Give'em!" came from every part of the house. I really think that Bill actually believed himself to be Haman; but he was finally coaxed from the stage by the muzzles of several shot-guns, that were poked at him from the wings, and Ahasuerus came on.

"Bully for Ahaz!" yelled a boy in the gallery.

The Assyrian king stopped suddenly and looked up at the enthusiastic youth.

"See here," he said, "this is a religious play, and decency has to be observed. That boy forgets that this is the state of Texas, and we're going to have order if we've got to do it with the pistol. I'm playing Ahasuerus just now, but after the show I'll be Sam Turner again, and if any man wants to see me then he can make his wants known."

The cantata proceeded, but I felt uneasy. I thought that, for an Assyrian, Ahasuerus handled his revolver in a very careless manner, but somebody said it was natural. The king had hardly got securely seated on his throne, when Haman rushed from one of the wings and said that he understood that two Mexicans were in the house, and that he "wouldn't play until the Greasers were put out." A sacred concert shouldn't be spoiled by the presence of a couple of lousy Mexicans. His remarks were greeted with tumultuous applause, and a sudden tussle near the door followed. The next day the coroner held an inquest on the bodies of Rive Goliad and St. Jose Miguel, two Mexicans, who had displayed bad sense in attending a sacred concert in St. Killiad. After the tussle just referred to the cantata proceeded.

Mordecai wasn't the meek-looking fellow I had expected to see. He was a six-foot chap, with a piratical mustache, who remarked to Haman in hearing of one-half the audience that he was the "man-eatin' alligator of Texas." He certainly in appearance bore out his remarks. He and Ahashuerus had several spirited interviews, and once, while Esther was singing for the king, Mordecai's revolver was accidently discharged, killing the boy who was overhead helping to manipulate the scenery. As the hanging of Haman approached I moved toward the door. From some side remarks which I heard Haman drop on his downfall, I expected a lively time. I knew that Bill Biggs would not be seized without a desperate resistance, so I sloped. It came just as I expected. The king and his bodyguard made a rush for Haman, and the fun began. Bill got the drop everywhere. Bullets whistled through the auditorium, but not a man moved except one red shirted fellow from Galveston, who jumped on the stage and knocked Ahasuerus down.

The next morning I heard all this summoned up as follows: Haman shot in the mouth and cut in the groin; Mordecai killed dead; Ahasuerus' nose broken and shot in the thigh; two Assyrian officers badly wounded; Queen Esther badly bruised. The St. Killiad Weekly *Buckshot* called it one of the "liveliest cantatas ever witnessed in the State, and hoped it would be repeated at some future day."—*Bradford Era.*

Fight With an Alligator.—An Alabama paper reports a combat between two colored men and a huge alligator. The men were fishing on Lake Jackson when the alligator made his appearance about ten feet from the boat.

His gatorship, nothing daunted by the presence of the the boat and the use of the paddles, made a desperate attack upon them, succeeding in getting his head over the gunwale of the boat; but the furious blows dealt him drove him off only to return and repeat the attack the second and third time before they reached the shore.

Determined, however, to have fresh meat, it continued the pursuit. Following the party to the shore, it got alongside and remained quiet. One of the men ran up to a house near by and obtained an ax.

The first blow dealt the monster enraged him, and with one flirt of his tail threw the boat high upon the land. The men succeeded in killing him, and his hide is now in the city being tanned, and measured sixteen feet in length. Upon being opened there were found four live terrapins, three lightwood knots, a lot of moss and mud.

Grape Jelly.—Take out the stones, mash the grapes with your hands (they must be ripe), then squeeze them through a cloth to extract all the juice from them, and boil and finish the same as currant jelly. Use half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit.

A pore consolation—perspiration.

A Toy City.

A notable example of patient, long-continued, ingenious, but utterly useless labor, is described by a correspondent of the Amherst (Mass.) *Transcript* as on exhibition in Boston. It is the work of a German-American cabinet-maker, Joseph Bergmann, who has been engaged upon it for seventeen years. It represents a city buflt in the Swiss style, with mansard-roofs, bay-windows, and a series of balconies with verandas, etc. The structure stands on a base, representing a hillside, a ledge of rocks with underground railways, etc. There are sixty-five automatic workmen at work in the mills and about the village, as natural as life. The motive power of the mills is furnished by two overshot water-wheels, the lower one taking the waste water and running at right angles with the upper one. The remainder of the machinery, as well as the automatic workmen, is run by weights. The city, or village, is surrounded by trees and shrubbery, drives and walks, a playing fountain, a running stream, a miniature lake, and all that goes to make up the picturesque in nature. The basement of the principal building is occupied by a linseed oil stamp-mill in full operation, with three workmen. On either side is a tunnel through which trains of cars pass. At the rear of the building is a blacksmith's shop; the bellows are blowing, the fire on the forge glows, and two blacksmiths are busily engaged in alternately heating a bar of iron and pounding it on the anvil, the strokes of their hammers being distinctly audible. A third is shoeing a horse, the proprietor is at work, and the wife of the last is just entering, bearing her husband's dinner. The third story is occupied by a grist-mill, the smut-mill being below, both in full operation. One man is dressing the stone for the hopper, while a second supplies the hopper with grain from a neighboring room; the latter empties his measure from his shoulder, returns it in a natural manner, and passes in and out of the door, closing it after him each time. An elevator ascends on the outside from the basement with a load of grain, dumps it, and decends again to be refilled. Just below the elevator the millwright goes up and down on a ladder. Under an oak tree's kindly shade, near the banks of a murmuring stream, sit two lovers, who, by their motions and gestures, would appear to be carrying on an animated conversation. To the right center of the building is a saw-mill. The log is propelled on the carriage, the upright saw passes through it slowly, it is then gigged back, the man at the end sets the log for a new cut, and a fellow-workman opens the flume gate, restarting the machinery. A third man is engaged sharpening a handspike with an ax. The fifth and top floor of the edifice is supposed to be the residence of the proprietor. The windows are sashed, the doors paneled, and the floor made of matched boards not over an eighth of an inch wide. Paintings with gilt frames, and lace curtains adorn the apartment, which is complete in all the details belonging to a drawing-room. A similar exhibition in Brooklyn recently gave no evidence of the skillful labor attributed to Bergmann's work, as described above. Whether it was the same or not, we do not know. —*Scientific American.*

Intelligence Items.

A plague of rats is causing great distress in Deccan.

The day after the recent tornado in New England, a Boston firm sold 16,000 panes of glass.

Waite, the converted circus clown, has raised in Portsmouth, New Haven, a gospel tent capable of seating 2,000 people.

Irish Presbyterians in general assembly, by vote 318 to 278, have refused to sanction the use of instrumental music in their churches.

A Baptist newspaper printed in the German language has been started in Hamburg, and in less than three months it secured 4,000 subscribers.

Attempts to abolish the study of drawing in the St. Louis schools, and failing that, to make it an optional branch, have been unsuccessful in the school board.

A vote which is regarded as definitely deciding against the reduction of the teachers' salaries has just been given by the Columbus, Ohio, school board.

Bamboo shoots are used as an article of diet in Japan. At a certain stage of their growth they are said to be so nourishing as to rival even cauliflower and asparagus.

A Washington correspondent calls attention to the number of high Government officials enjoying Summer vacations with traveling expenses paid by the Government.

The Gothard tunnel will probably be completed by the end of November. Last month the point reached on the Airolo side, was 1,281 metres, and on the Goeschenen side, 649 metres from the center of the mountain.

Two thousand men, women and children of the Ottawa, Wyandotte, Peoria, Seneca, Modoc, and Shawnee tribes of Indians, celebrated the Fourth of July, Some of the Indians made speeches, and a club of young men and women sung patriotic songs.

Sir Henry Thompson, the English surgeon, says: "Persons who drink water when dining probably enjoy food more than those who drink wine. They have generally better appetite and digestion, and they certainly preserve an appreciative palate longer than the wine drinker."

Romantic.—It was after the opera, and they were in a rendezvous for material refreshments. The usual talk about the singing and the artists subsiding, he, as as a souvenir of the evening, offered her his button-hole bouquet. She, accepting, said: "How lovely!" He added: "What fragrance, too!" And then she, sniffing the savory odor of the incoming oysters, echoed: "Yes, what fragrant stew!" Then he became involved in thought.

Jones, who is engaged to an heiress, calls her Economy, because she's on the road to wealth.

How the Prince Imperial Met His Death.

The Cape *Argus* gives the following account of the Prince's death:

The escort with which the Prince left camp consisted of Lieut. Carey, of her Majesty's Ninety-eighth Regiment, six selected men of Bettington's Horse, and one Kaffir. Six mounted Basutos had been told off to accompany the party, but the Prince, with that disregard for danger which has always distinguished him, left camp without them. The party started at about half-past nine, and on their way were joined at the site of Lord Chelmsford's camp of the 2d—that is, on the neck of the Incenet Mountain—by some others towards the left, in the direction of General Wood's camp. The Prince and his companions keeping to the right after crossing the Spruit, which in rainy weather helps to fill the Ityotyozi river, they arrived at the flat-topped hill, nameless on our maps, which is a conspicuous feature of the landscape of this portion of the Zulu frontier, and here the Prince, directing his men to slacken girths for a while, took a sketch of the country. His sketch finished, the Prince and Lieut. Carey returned, and the order was given to resume the march, the Prince en route pointing out the kraal from which he had been fired upon on his previous visit, and turning off to another close by, which was found empty. A third kraal was then sighted about one mile farther out. Towards this the party descended, the Prince having observed that a small river—the Mozani, as the Kaffir called it—would enable the escort to water their horses and make themselves some coffee. The kraal is situated some two hundred yards from the river, and consists of five huts. Between the kraal and the river stretched a luxuriant growth of Tamcookie grass five or six feet in height, with—after the fashion of all described Zulu kraals—mealies and Kaffir corn interspersed. This dense cover did not, however, completely surround the kraal, for in the front there was an open space, apparently used by the Zulus, from the ashes and broken earthenware strewed around, as a common cooking ground. Here the party halted, and the Prince gave the order to off saddle for an hour.

The huts betrayed no signs of recent occupation, but two or three dogs were still lingering around the spot. The presumption, of course, was that the animals, attached to their masters' homes, had remained there after the Zulus had deserted the kraal; but seen in the light of the dreadful event that immediately followed, it is more than probable that the dogs belonged to the Zulus, who were then actually stalking the Prince and his companions, who were off their guard and chatting together. All the party, having turned their horses into the grass and grain and sent the Kaffir down to the river for water, sat down in the open space and made themselves some coffee. The Kaffir meanwhile went off again to see that the horses kept together, and so the hour wore on. It is horrible to think of what was passing behind them all this time. Concealed by the deep donga which lay right across the path afterwards taken by the fugitives, some forty or fifty Zulus were creeping on their victims. Stealing out of the donga, they made their way completely concealed by the rank vegetation along the water's edge, and there it is probable lay waiting until the bustle of preparation for the start would give them a favorable opportunity for rushing upon the Prince's party. While thus in ambush they must have been surprised by the Kaffir, for one of the Zulus left his concealment, and, crossing the river, was seen by the Kaffir making off up the opposite hill. The Kaffir at once returned to the Prince, but at first was not understood. Corporal Grubb, however, knowing the language well, asked him what was the matter, and then interpreted his answer to the Prince. The Prince meanwhile had looked at his watch. It was 3:50. "You can give your horses ten minutes more," he then said, but the Kaffir's intelligence at once aroused suspicion and the order was give to saddle up at once.

Every man went in search of his horse, and in a few minutes all was ready for the start. The Prince for a moment was busy searching for his bit. All stood to their horses waiting for the order to mount—waiting for death. "Prepare to mount." The word was hardly spoken when with a startling crash there burst from through the cover a volley from some forty rifles. The distance was not twenty yards, and the long grass swayed to the sudden rush of the Zulus, as with a tremendous shout they charged towards the Prince and his companions. "Usuta!" was their cry—"English cowards!" The horses all swerved at the suddenness of the tumult, and soon broke away. Rogers, of Bettington's corps, was shot before he could recover his horse, and the Prince was unable to mount his charger, a grey of sixteen hands high, always difficult to mount, and on this occasion frightened by the firing worse than ever. One by one the party galloped past the Prince, who was in vain endeavoring to mount. He was passed by Private Letocq. "Depechez vous, s'il vous plait, Monsieur," he cried as he dashed by, only lying across his saddle; but the Prince made no answer. He was already striving his best, and in a minute he was alone. The Zulus burst from their cover, yelling and firing after the fugitives. The Prince's horse followed, and the Prince was seen by Letocq holding his stirrup leather with the left hand and the saddle with his right, trying to keep up with his horse and to mount. He must have made one desperate effort to leap into the saddle by the help of the holster; the holster must have given way, and he then falling, the horse trod upon him and galloped off. The Prince regained his feet and ran after the fast retreating party. Letocq turned in his saddle to look behind him, and saw that the Prince was running on foot with some twelve or thirteen Zulus only a few feet behind. They all had assegais in their hands, and then no one saw the awful end. The rest of them galloped on toward Gen. Wood's camp, and after going some three miles met Gen. Wood himself and Col. Buller. They made their report, and those officers looking through their glasses, saw the Zulus leading away the horses they had taken—the trophies of their successful attack. Troopers Rogers and Abel, and the Kaffir, were killed, Abel being shot in the back by a Martini-Henry rifle bullet as he was galloping from the kraal, Rogers before he could get on his saddle.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

GUM DROPS.

I dont want to die in det to enny boddy, and least of all to miself, and therefore I am determined to hav a good time az I trudge along.

Revenge iz a silly pashun; life aint long enuff, and iz too full ov uncertaintys, for enny one to nurse Revenge.

Truth iz just az easy az falling oph from a log, and iz just az simple, and certain too.

There are but fu rules after all, but what yu kan beat with the exceptions.

Prudence iz the most natral, and the most necessary ov all the virtews, and yet the lack ov Prudence iz the spot where most ov us weaken.

There iz one witness that haz been on the stand since the kreashun ov man, and never haz perjured itself—conshience!

Men allwuss korrupt themselfs fust, before they undertake to korrupt others.

Extreme danger makes us all common friends, or common enemys.

Laffing iz no doubt a weakness, but it feals good, and is healthy too.

The man who will gamble for money on a sure thing will steal it under the same cirkumstances.

It iz disgusting to think that there iz no crime that it iz possible for the malignity ov the heart to sugges, but what has been committed, and possibly will be committed again.

"*Eternal vigilance*" iz the price of gitting a square deal in this world.

There ain't no man with mother-wit and wisdom enuff to prove that 4 and 2 makes 8, nor enny one with book-larning enuff to tell what tree will make shingles by looking at it.

Everyboddy luvs to be praized, and thoze who deserve it least hanker for it the most.

Ideas are what wins; words kan make blak look like yellow, but they kan't change the color.

The grate mass ov mankind are like phools, and akt akording, and the only difference iz in the size ov them.

Learn yure child to be obedient, and everything after that will cum eazy to him.

What a man kant win with honesty and kapasity in this world iz reserved for him in the next.

We All Know Him.

The editor was sitting in his sanctum, when a man, laboring under considerable apparent excitement, walked in with the paper in his hand, and, pointing to a small paragraph, read: "The genial Col. Mumblechock thinks of taking an eastern journey soon. May he enjoy a pleasant trip is the wish of his many friends."

"Now, sir," said the excited man, "I am Col. Mumblechock, and I have called to inquire by what authority you make use of my name in your paper?"

"First time I ever saw it," replied the editor, glancing at the item, "but I suppose it is all right. My local editor is quite enterprising in his pursuit of news."

"But I never gave him permission to use my name in this manner," persisted the Colonel.

"Very likely," said the editor. "But you are going East, ain't you?"

"Certainly."

"And you haven't any objection to your friends wishing you a pleasant trip?"

"That is all right, but I don't want my name in the paper, and in the future you will oblige me by leaving it out."

"Of course," said the editor, "if you desire it," and the Colonel bowed himself stiffly out.

"John," said the editor to the office-boy, "follow that man and see where he goes, and come back and report."

John did as he was requested, and shortly after he came back and reported that Col. Mumblechock went to the counting-room and bought twenty-five papers, which, after marking something in them, he ordered put in wrappers, and was busy in directing them.

Cincinnati is chock full of Col. Mumblechocks. They profess to be highly indignant if their names appear in some trifling item—wonder how the reporter got hold of it, and bluster about terribly, yet they are secretly delighted at seeing their names in print, and invest heavily in papers to send to friends. The only way to really offend them is not to mention them at all.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

SUIT TO RECOVER HIS LIMBS.—A singular if not ghastly subject will be involved in a suit of replevin which is to be filed in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. It appears that the applicant for the writ was some time ago taken with a malignant malady which so endangered his life that amputation of the affected limbs became necessary. The surgeon who attended the gentleman took the amputated limbs to the Medical Musuem, where they were placed in a jar in alcohol. Their owner supposed that they had been buried, but a few days since learned that they were on exhibtion at the Army Medical Museum with his name written on a card placed at the top of a jar. This being rather offensive to him, he consulted a lawyer, who advised him to replevin them. It was reported at the court house that should he succeed in obtaining possession of them other suits would be brought by various persons having amputated members in the musuem to recover them.—*New York Herald.*

The London City Mission Society employed last year 448 missionaries, who made nearly 3,000,000 visits, distributed 25,342 Bibles and 3,642,204 tracts, held 64,600 meetings, induced 1,438 persons to become communicants, restored 348, reclaimed 2,153 drunkards and 600 fallen women, and put 4,111 children in schools.

Cows and Children at Sea.

Coops of live chickens have always been a ship appurtenance. The stable with a live cow in it is a later effort in the way of land luxury at sea. *Good Words* describes how the nautical mooley serves to amuse as well as feed the little passengers:

The youngsters who happen to be on board have their amusements in the games and sports of children. To these juveniles, the cow is an object of much interest. The poor animal, which is required for the sake of its milk, occupies (as we have seen it) a booth at the corner of one of the paddle-boxes.

There, well-bedded, and tied up, cow-fashion, it is observed munching its food with the most perfect placidity; although a thousand miles from home, and the sea all around with long sweeping waves, might be supposed to disturb its equanimity. For air, it has a door with the upper part left open.

Stretching over the lower half-door, the children look in and make their comments on the comfortable quarters, speak of the nice smell of the hay, and wonder if the cow is ever seasick. We have seldom seen a fractious child in arms who has not been soothed by being treated to a look at the cow.

This practice of taking cows to sea is one of the luxuries of modern traveling. A concern such as the Cunard has an establishment of cows at Liverpool and New York, and there is a change of animals each voyage. A curious life is that of a cow.

Twelve days browsing in a field and stretching its legs, and the next twelve crossing the Atlantic. If one of these cows could write the story of its life, it might tell of having crossed the Atlantic a hundred and fifty times, and seen a good deal of the world.

The Way to Expostulate.

Kindness is a fine thing, but it can be misplaced. There are situations in this life where politeness and suavity are not so useful and effective as a good club. The New York papers are busily engaged in discussing what is the proper thing to do when a burglar enters a house in the still watches of the night. It must be admitted that a vast majority are in favor of getting under the bed or behind the door. There is also an immense preponderance of public sentiment in favor of lying still and pretending that a sound sleep makes us oblivous to burglars or other doings. It is almost unanimously agreed by the New York press that the line, "deal gently with the erring," does not apply to the case of a burglar. It does not do to accost the burglar as if he had entered the wrong house. Mr. Bryant, of Harlem, did that the other night, and received a blow over the head from a jimmy for his pains. Mrs. Hull expostulated with a burglar who entered her room and lost her life in consequence. The general verdict is, that as soon as a burglar enters the house he should be first riddled with bullets and expostulated with afterwards. A burglar is always more amenable to reason when he has from two to five ounces of lead in him. He then begins to see the error of his ways, and any remarks that the householder may see fit to bestow upon him will make a greater impression than at any other time. If any one attempts to burglarize your house, shoot him on the spot. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Hickory's Bluff Way.

Long years after the capture of Stony Point, when Andrew Jackson was president, a visitor at the White House remarked that the postmaster in his town (who "held over") was an enemy to the president—even been heard to call him "a scoundrel!"—and urged the removal of the ill-manered officer.

"What sort of a person is he?" inquired the president.

The visitor admitted that the postmaster was an aged and honorable man, and incidentally remarked that he was one of the survivors of the battle of Stony Point.

"What!" said the president, rising from his chair. "Was he really with Anthony Wayne at Stony Point!"

"He certainly was," replied the visitor.

"Well, then," said Old Hickory, he has a perfect right to call me a scoundrel every day in the week, and to be postmaster during his natural life."—*Hartford Post.*

MR. CLAY AND HIS LANDLORD.—Henry Clay was traveling somewhere "out West," and put up for a night at a country tavern. "Mine host," in looking over the register, discovered the name "Henry Clay." There was but one "Clay." Could it be possible that he had this distinguished man under his roof? He was astonished, delighted. Next morning, as soon as the great man appeared, Boniface bustled forward, and making his rude bow, said, "Mr. Clay, I believe, sir?" "That is my name," said that gentleman, in his affable tone. "Mr. Clay, the Congressman?" "Yes, sir." "Well, sir, I've heard of you, and I thought I'd just ask you if you wouldn't give me and my old woman a little speech before you go?"

A FOOLISH FARMER.—A monument to man's stubbornness and folly stands about two miles northeast of Fort Edward, in the shape of a large number of haystacks—between forty and fifty. It appears that during the war the owner was offered twenty-five dollars per ton for the hay, but demanding more, no bargain was made. The price of hay soon fell, and to-day the best quality can be obtained for ten dollars per ton. Ever since the war the farmer has been stacking his hay, and faithfully observes a vow not to sell a pound of it until he is paid twenty-five dollars per ton for it. A great portion of the hay is of little or no value.

The business of life is to go forward; he who sees evil in prospect meets it on the way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it.

Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags.

Lost on the Plains.

A party of sixteen surveyors, in the employ of the government, under command of Major Medary, left this city a short time ago, says the *News*, for a tour eastward to the Indian territory line. Nothing more would have been thought of the party but for the arrival in this city yesterday of Mr. Havenner and a companion, who belonged to the corps, who reported the horrible fate of two of their companions and the narrow escape of three others. The circumstances of the case are about as follows:

After leaving Trinidad the company proceeded eastward, and were soon at work locating townships. On Thursday, the 5th instant, a squad of five men was sent out from a point on Willow creek to run a transit due north eighteen miles, with orders to join the camp at nightfall. The men performed the work assigned them, and at dusk set out for camp, which had also been traveling northward during the day. The surveyors started eastward from their objective point, and after walking six miles made camp. In going in this direction they made a great mistake; for they should have gone due west after doing their work in order to find the camp wagons. Comprehending their mistake, and being very thirsty and out of provisions, it was proposed to travel south, in hopes of striking the creek. Two of the party refused to do this, preferring to remain where they were, hoping that the camping outfit would come up in a few hours. Friday morning the three, headed by Mr. Sheets, started for Cariso Springs. They lost their way, and would have perished but for the timely arrival on Monday of men from the camp, who were in search of them. The search for the other two (whose names were S. M. Winchester and William Johnson) was continued with an interest bordering on frenzy. Not until Monday the 9th, did the searchers get any clew of the missing men. About two o'clock P. M. on that day they came upon Winchester out upon the open plains; but he was too far gone to be saved. A few drops of water were given him, but in a few minutes he was a corpse, dying in the arms of a companion, who had arrived too late.

Further search was made for Johnson. A large rock, which towered up grandly on the boundless plains, was visited, and there in a crevice, was found a note from Winchester, dated the 7th, saying that Johnson and he were lost, but had made up their minds to go south in the hope of striking the Willow.

The note was written in a firm hand, and showed that the writer was in his right mind. The diligent searchers started south, and after traveling six days were rewarded by finding a canteen belonging to Johnson. For three days more they scoured the prairies on horseback in every direction, and on Thursday, the 12th, gave up the search, unsuccessful in finding the unfortunate man. The coyote had probably found him, and ere this had devoured all that remained of a once bright and promising young man. Winchester was taken up to camp and buried beside a spring of cool water, and his grave marked. He was from Baltimore, Maryland, was about twenty-eight years old, and is said to have been the son of wealthy parents. In two months he was to become the possessor of $30,000 from an estate. He was a very brilliant young man, and universally beloved by his acquaintances. Johnson was twenty-seven years of age, a native of Baltimore, but has been in the west some time. His fate is a sad one, and his loss is deeply felt by every one familiar with the hardships of western life.—*Denver Tribune.*

Asking a Reduction of Salary.

The following letter has been received at the Indian Office from Agent J. Hertford, of the Sac and Fox Agency, Indian Territory:

"Henry Jones, our agency blacksmith, bas called this day to make the following statement: He said that some years ago he was poor, and that his present prosperous condition in life is mainly due to his persevering habits of industry, aided by the Indian Department in giving him a salary of $700 a year for his services. Nine years ago he was a blanket Indian, and spent most of his time in the rural sports of his people, without a care for the morrow. Being naturally gifted with intelligence, he reasoned with himself, unaided by advice from others, that he had at least the intellectual advantages which would enable him to emulate the white man's ways in good habits, and he accordingly pushed forward to reach that goal which would render himself and family comfortable and happy. He has now 100 head of cattle, besides mules and horses; forty acres of good land, adjoining the agency, twenty of which are in corn; a good house, barn and a well. In consequence of these agreeable surroundings, he feels that he can live on less salary than he has been receiving, and that the remuneration for his services as blacksmith for this fiscal year may be $600 instead of $700 as heretofore. He desires at the same time to return thanks for the encouragement he has hitherto received at the hands of the honorable Secretary of the Interior and the honorable Commissioner of Indian Affairs."

This is perhaps the first instance on record where a Federal office holder has requested the authorities to reduce his salary, and when it is known that the reduction in this instance will inure to the benefit of the tribe of which the official blacksmith is a member, his patriotic motives will be more fully appreciated.

If the present struggle of the Gotham gas companies keeps on, New York will soon have exceedingly cheap gas. Pittsburg is the most fortunate of cities on the gas question. There are three companies there, and gas can be had for seventy-five cents a thousand feet. Baltimore has three companies, and gets gas for $1 50.

THE ANNOYANCE AND DISAGREEABLENESS of Pimples and Blotches on the Skin, may be gotten rid of by using Dr. Jayne's Alterative, a safe and rational cure for all Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, &c.

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At home for men and women, boys and girls, in selling an article needed by every one. Our plan makes t easy for the canvasser, as we furnish free, a large number of circulars for distribution, so that the article can be advertised in advance, thus making it easier to sell. **Large Profits.** Capital required, from $12 to $20. Those without means may be able to get some friend to purchase the goods and deliver to them in small quantities. Exclusive agency for towns or counties given to experienced canvassers who can work up a large wholesale and retail trade, as every druggist, groceryman and general dealer will keep the article as soon as it is known. Every family will need from $5 to $15 worth per year. A nice box of samples sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 75c in postage stamps. Circulars free. Address, **Poor Man's Employment Agency,** room 63, 320 Sansome St., San Francisco.

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And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.

Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Side Saddles, $8 to $30 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $14 to $24 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $2 to $7 per doz; Copper rivets, 35c. per lb.; Harness leather, good quality, 29c. to 34c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $4 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; Sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Sinchos, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars, $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged Bits and Spurs.

My heavy saddles for stock herding on the best **hard wood trees,** cannot be excelled for price and quality. Orders by express promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. W. DAVIS, 421 Market St., near First, San Francisco. Send for Price List.

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Cures Every Form of
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And all Diseases arising from
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SOUR STOMACH,
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Samples Free at all Drug Stores.

Large Size, Price 75 Cents.

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The Concord Carriage Repository

Has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of "Concord" Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co.'s (Quincy, Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand. T. S. EASTMAN, Agent.
46 New Montgomery St., S. F.

In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper, you will please mention the name of the paper.

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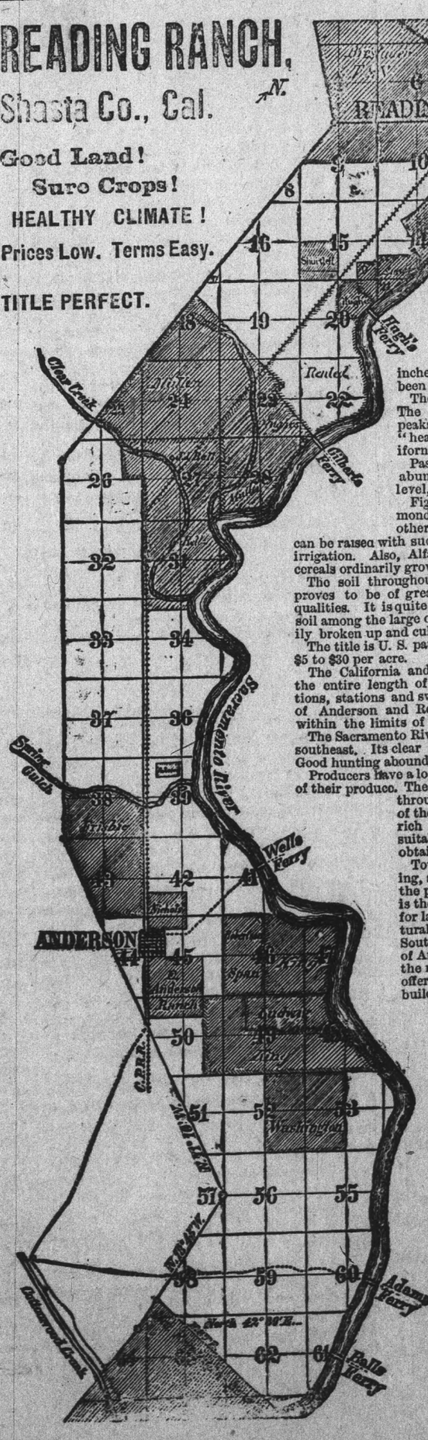

The Reading Ranch, in the Upper Sacramento valley, originally embracing over 23,000 acres of choice grain, orchard and pasture land, is now offered for sale at low prices and on favorable terms of payment, in subdivisions to suit purchasers.

The ranch was selected at an early day by Major P. B. Reading, one of the largest pioneer land owners in California. It is situated on the west side of the Sacramento River and extends over 20 miles along its bank.

The average rainfall is about 30 inches per annum, and crops have never been known to fail from drouth.

The climate is healthy and desirable. The near proximity of high mountain peaks give cool nights during the "heated term" which occurs in our California summers.

Pasturage, wood and good water are abundant. The tillage land is mostly level, with complete drainage.

Figs, Grapes, Peaches, Prunes, Almonds, English Walnuts, Oranges and other temperate and semi-tropical fruits can be raised with success on most of the tract without irrigation. Also, Alfalfa, Vegetables, Corn and all other cereals ordinarily grown in the State.

The soil throughout the tilled portions of the ranch proves to be of great depth and enduring in its good qualities. It is quite free from foul growths. The virgin soil among the large oak trees on the bottom land is easily broken up and cultivated.

The title is U. S. patent. Prices range principally from $5 to $30 per acre.

The California and Oregon railroad traverses nearly the entire length of the tract. There are several sections, stations and switches, besides depots at the towns of Anderson and Reading, all of which are located within the limits of the ranch.

The Sacramento River borders the whole tract on the southeast. Its clear waters are well stocked with fish. Good hunting abounds in the surrounding country.

Producers have a local market, which enhances the value of their produce. The railroad transportation route is level throughout to San Francisco. A portion of the land is auriferous and located near rich mines now being worked. Land suitable for settlers in colonies can be obtained on good terms.

Town lots are offered for sale in Reading, situated on the Sacramento river, at the present terminus of the railroad. It is the converging and distributing point for large, prosperous mining and agricultural districts in Northern California and Southern Oregon. Also, lots in the town of Anderson, situated more centrally on the ranch. Lots in both these towns are offered at a bargain, for the purpose of building up the towns and facilitating settlement of the ranch.

Purchasers are invited to come and see the lands before buying here or elsewhere. Apply on the ranch, to the proprietor,

EDWARD FRISBIE,
Anderson, Shasta Co., Cal.

P. S.—Send postage stamp for illustrated paper containing information about Shasta county and these lands, and say advertised in this paper.

Location of Shasta County.

Shasta County lies not far from midway between the two most important ports on the Pacific shore, t. e., San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, and directly on the overland route, which in the future will become the grand thoroughfare from Mexico to British Columbia. The town of Reading, at present, and probably for years to come, the head of railroad transportation on the California side of the mountains intervening below Oregon, is distant from San Francisco by railroad (via Vallejo) 255 miles; from Sacramento City, 160 miles; from Marysville, 117 miles.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....AUG. 23, 1879

REGULAR DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

ELECTION, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3D.

STATE TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR,
HUGH J. GLENN.....of Colusa
FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
LEVI CHASE.....of San Diego
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,
W. J. TINNIN.....of Trinity
FOR CONTROLLER,
W. B. C. BROWN.....of Sacramento
FOR TREASURER,
G. T. PAULI.....of Sonoma
FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL,
JO. HAMILTON.....of Placer
FOR SURVEYOR-GENERAL,
WM. MINIS.....of Yolo
FOR CLERK OF SUPREME COURT,
D. B. WOOLF.....of San Francisco
FOR SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
HENRY C. GESFORD.....of Napa
FOR CHIEF JUSTICE,
R. F. MORRISON.....of San Francisco
FOR ASSOCIATE JUSTICES,
E. W. McKINSTRY.....of San Francisco
J. D. THORNTON.....of San Francisco
T. P. STONEY.....of Napa
THOS. B. REARDAN.....of Nevada
E. M. ROSS.....of Los Angeles
S. B. McKEE.....of Alameda
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
1st Dist.–G. J. CARPENTER..of El Dorado
FOR BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,
3d Dist. C. E. WILCOXSON.....of Sutter
MEMBER OF CONGRESS,
3d Dist. C. P. BERRY.....of Sutter.

COUNTY TICKET.

Superior Judge.....E. R. BUSH.
Joint Senator.....J. H. HARLAN.
Member of Assembly....D. N. HERSHEY.
Sheriff.....JNO. D. LAWSON.
Clerk.....H. B. PENDEGAST.
Recorder.....J. O. MAXWELL.
Treasurer.....A. C. KEAN.
Assessor.....FRED. KLAYS.
District Attorney.....W. H. GRANT.
Superintendent of Schools..JNO. W. GOIN.
Surveyor.....L. P. EVERETT.
Public Administrator.....S. L. MONDAY.
Coroner.....P. KRELLENBERG.
TOWNSHIP OFFICERS.
Justice of the Peace.....E. PETERSON.
Constable.....S. MONTGOMERY.

NO FUSION WANTED.

It has been rumored during the past week that an attempt is being made by some of the members of the Democratic and New Constitution State Central Committees to form a combination of the two State tickets prior to the election. We have heard it stated that had it not been for the strong opposition of some of the old Democratic war horses, this would already have been done. If this be true, we say all honor to the Democrats who have the back bone to stand up and tell this new party that fusion with them is out of the question. If such a combination were a combination of the people for the people's good, it would be well enough; but it has no such meaning. It would be simply a fusion of the Democratic party with Charles De Young; and a few other H. B's who now see defeat staring them in the face, and are willing and anxious to make any concession that will gain them a few votes. We believe that Dr. Glenn will be elected, and we also believe that he will receive several thousand more votes from the Democratic party than from the New Constitution party. To be honest, we believe the balance of the State officers, it may be with one or two exceptions, will be Republicans. The great party of reform, which according to its own leaders has but about ten days to live, will be third, and may be fourth in the race. They started with but one principle—to nominate none but New Constitution men for office—and having violated this principle several times, they have nothing on which to lean, and are anxiously looking for some means of support. We hope the State Central Committee of the Democratic party will treat all offers of fusion with the contempt they deserve. The Democrats of Yolo are going to carry this county by a good majority, and if the other portions of the State would do as well we should have a Democratic victory to record. We want no fusion with a lot of corpses.

Up in Lake county the different parties have made no nominations for county officers, and now office is seeking nearly all the residents of that locality.

ABILITY NEEDED.

Among the most important offices to be filled at the ensuing election is that of Member of the Board of Equalization. The men that will have the equalizing of the value of the taxable property of this State, will have responsibility on their shoulders and therefore should be men of recognized ability; men who are acquainted with the value of property and who will endeavor to discharge their duties in a just and wise manner. As far as we can learn by inquiring, the most capable and competent candidate for this office in this district is Caleb E. Wilcoxson, of Sutter. He is a man of culture and a fine mathematician, and will fill the office with credit to himself and the people of the district. We want no "dummy" to represent us, and if the people will see to it that the name of Caleb E. Wilcoxson is on their ticket, we will not have one?

In the present political contest the Democratic party of California stands firm and prominent as the champion and friend of the people's rights upon every issue involved. It is the preserver of law and order, and the protector of the rights of the poor against the greedy and dangerous encroachments of unscrupulous corporations. And as a consequence, we see all the turbulent and disorderly elements opposing it; we find all the dangerous corporations opposing it; and the friends of the Six Chinese Companies opposed to it to a man. Let the honest, intelligent and true, of whatever former political affiliation ponder these facts, and then decide as faithful friends of California, where they will take their places in the trying and important struggle to be decided on the third day of next month. If they are for the maintenance of the rights of the masses against the greed of a wealthy few, then let them combine in the election of the Democratic ticket.—[Amador Dispatch.

The Petaluma *Courier* is about right in its brief warning to voters, to this effect: "Every man who favors the new Constitution, and votes for White, helps to elect Perkins and defeat Glenn. No man who reads the papers believes that White stands a ghost of a chance for an election. And the advocates for White, professing at the same time to be in favor of electing a man for Governor who voted for the new Constitution, are either not honest or are wilfully ignorant of the prevailing sentiment. Many of these men we know are not honest, and while professing friendship for White are secretly working and will vote for Perkins. Voters, don't be deceived. If you really prefer Perkins, all right, come out and say so; but if you want a man who favors the new Constitution; vote for Glenn; and don't throw your vote away on White."

If Perkins is such an anti-railroad man, why does he receive his warmest support from the railroad press? If he will be in favor of reducing freights and fares if elected Governor, why is the *Record-Union* clamoring so loudly for his election? If Glenn's interests are more like those of the Railroad than are Perkins', why are Frank M. Pixley' Marcus D. Boruck and Wm. H. Mills, all sworn friends of the railroad company, making such a dirty, lying and scurrilous fight against him?

The Georgia Legistature has prescribed a penalty from one to five years imprisonment for lobbying, as thus defined: "Any personal solicitation of a member of the General Assembly of the State, during a session thereof, by private interview, or letter, or message, or other means and appliances, not addressed solely to the judgment, to favor or oppose, or to vote for or against any Bill, resolution, report or claim pending.".

The Springfield *Republican* says: If Maine goes Democratic in September, or Ohio goes Democratic in October, it will be extremely difficult to persuade anybody that a Republican candidate for President can be elected a year from next November; which is probably the reason why Sherman helps Blaine in Maine, and Blaine will help Sherman in Ohio.

Chorus by Stanford & Co.: "Mr. Perkins is an anti-railroad man, and will do his best to reduce freights and fares, but as he will make such a splendid Governor, we hope our friends will not look to our interests, but work and vote to elect him."

While Republican emissaries are stirring up another negro exodus, to take place in the Fall, the unfortunate people who have already reached Kansas are starving. Congressman Ryan, of Kansas, says: "All that could possibly be provided for in the way of work in the State has been provided them; yet, when I left my home hundreds of freedmen were on the verge of starvation, with little prospect of receiving any immediate or permanent relief. Most of them who go to Kansas are of the more ignorant class. Nine-tenths reach Kansas soil without a dollar in their pockets, and become objects of charity from the day of their arrival with us. When I left Topeka there were hundreds of them encamped on the outskirts of the city who were being fed through the charity of the citizens of that city. The colonization societies and the relief societies have long ago exhausted their sources of relief." Yet if these negroes live long enough to vote once for the men who enticed them there, the purpose of the cruel and shameful delusion will be accomplished.

The canvass on the Democratic side will be very lively between this time and the day of election, in every part of the State. Among the many distinguished and effective speakers who will actively engage in it is Attorney-General Jo Hamilton, Democratic candidate for re-election to the high position which he has graced and so ably filled for the last four years. He is firm and zealous in the cause, and will as once go forth to proclaim Democratic principles, and add his voice and vigor to the rallying of the Democratic hosts. He is one of the most eloquent orators in the State. He is greatly popular, and his speeches will be unquestionably effective. Every day the hopes of a Democratic victory are made brighter, and the battle may yet be to the noble old party whose triumph will be the token of the wise and just administration of the State Government under the New Constitution.—[Examiner.

The New York *Herald* says: Whatever may be said of the Glover Report, its exposures will probably convince many voters that it is well to have a change of parties and let a new broom into the Departments at Washington. When the Democrats first got possession of the House of Representatives many honest Republican members privately confessed that it was a good thing for the country, because they could and would bring about reforms and economies which the Republicans, even if they wished to do so, could not effect, because it would require them to work against their friends.

Ten days more of feeble life, and the N. C. P. will have run its race, fulfilled its mission, and will proceed to shuffle off what is left of its mortal coil. The child of the *Chronicle* never was very healthy, and as the bottle from which it was fed has always contained a small quantity of skim milk, from which the cream of reason was taken by its nurse soon after its birth, its has not increased in size since its advent was announced. If a post mortem examination is held on the body it will likely be discovered that the cause of its death was water on the brain.

Perkins would not be qualified for the office of Railroad Commissioner under the new Constitution, but if elected Governor, and a vacancy should occur, he will have the oppointing of a man to fill it. "Strange such a difference should be twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee."

The sum of $3,100 has been subscribed by the citizens of Tuscarora, Nev., for the construction of water works. The estimated cost is $3,500. The work will be soon put under way.

It is stated at Madrid that the marriage of King Alfonso and Archduchess Maria will take place in October.

Two newspaper men in Los Angeles got into a shooting scrape, but only succeeded in wounding two bystanders.

The yellow fever still holds on in Memphis, and the new cases average about ten a day.

Los Angeles has seven daily papers. There is such a thing as too much of a good thing.

The Arctic exploring yacht "Jeanette" arrived at Ounalaska on the 2nd inst.

The statement that Nellie Grant-Sartoris was dead is untrue.

Summons No. 98.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE SIXTH JUdicial District, State of California, County of Yolo. RECLAMATION DISTRICT NO. 108, Plaintiff, vs. W. J. CLARKE, Defendant.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to W. J. CLARKE: You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint of Reclamation District No. 108, in said Court filed against you within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in this county: if served out of this county, but within this Judicial District, within twenty days: but if served on you without said district, then in forty days from such service, exclusive of the day of service, in an action commenced on the 21st day of May, 1879, in said Court.

Said action is brought to recover the sum of $1092 84-100 in gold and silver coin of the United States, with interest thereon from the 5th day of March, 1871, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum—being the amount of two assessments levied in Reclamation District No. 108, to-wit: On the E. ½ and S. W. ¼ of Sec. 12, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of $936 72-100, and on the W. ½ of S. W. ¼ of Sec. 12, T. 12 N., R. 1 W., Mt. Diablo base and meridian, in Yolo county, California, the sum of $156 12-100: and for a decree of this Court adjudging said several amounts, so assessed, liens on said several tracts of land, and for the purpose of enforcing said liens, that said tracts of land be sold, in the manner provided by law, to satisfy said several assessments, with interest as aforesaid, and costs of suit—all of which will more fully appear by reference to plaintiff's complaint on file herein. And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the complaint as directed, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, D. M. Burns, Clerk of the Sixth Judicial District Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of said Court at office in Woodland, this 18th day of August, A. D. 1879.

[SEAL.] D. M. BURNS, Clerk.
By James C. Harlan, Deputy.

C. H. GAROUTTE, Dist. Attorney of Yolo county, Attorney for Plaintiff.
A. C. ADAMS and W. B. TREADWELL, of Counsel.
aug23-5t

GRAND SUNDAY SCHOOL EXCURSION.

FROM

WOODLAND, DAVIS, DIXON, WINTERS, VACAVILLE, ELMIRA, FAIRFIELD, and SUISUN

TO

SAN FRANCISCO

And Woodward's Gardens.

SATURDAY, SEP. 6TH, 1879.

The Ellis Band will accompany the excursion and furnish music.

FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

WOODLAND	$4 50
DAVIS	4 25
DIXON	3 75
ELMIRA	3 50
FAIRFIELD	3 00

Children under 12 Half Price.

Arrangements will be made with the Horse Cars to convey all to the Gardens.

NOTICE TO CREDITOS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT, OF THE COUNTY OF Yolo, State of California.

PETER LAUENER vs. HIS CREDITORS. } Notice to Creditors of Insolvent.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of the said Insolvent, Peter Lauener, to be and appear before the said Judge, in open Court, at the Court Room of said Court, in the Court House at Woodland in the said County of Yolo, on the **20th day of September**, A. D., 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said Insolvent should not be granted, and an assignment of his estate be made and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the meantime all proceedings against said Insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, this 12th day of August, A D., 1879. D. M. BURNS, County Clerk.
[SEAL] By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy.
ag16 5t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF YOLO COUNTY, in the matter of the petition of FRED. PRESTON, an Insolvent Debtor.

Pursuant to an order of the Honorable E. R. Bush, Judge of the said County Court, notice is hereby given to all the Creditors of said insolvent FRED. PRESTON, to be and appear before the Honorable E. R. Bush, aforesaid, in open Court at the Court room of said Court in the town of Woodland, County of Yolo, on the **6th day of September**, 1879, at one o'clock P. M., of that day, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the prayer of said insolvent should not be granted and an assignment of his estate be made, and he be discharged from his debts and liabilities, in pursuance of the Statute in such case made and provided, and in the mean time all proceedings against said insolvent be stayed.

Witness my hand and seal of said Court, this 28th day of July, 1879. D. M. BURNS, Clerk,
[SEAL.] By IGNACIO BROWN, Dep'y Clerk.
Holl & O'Brien, Atty's for Petitioner.

CITY LIVERY STABLE.

T. L. SMITH, Proprietor.

HAVING taken charge of the Stable formerly known as Beamer's Livery Stable, I am prepared to furnish

STYLISH TURNOUTS

At Low prices. HORSES BOARDED by the day, week, or month, and given the best of care. A share of the public patronage solicited. ag16

T. L. SMITH.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,..... 3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cempromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior to anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

S. MONTGOMERY.
Democratic Candidate for
CONSTABLE,
CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

E. PETERSON.
Democratic Candidate for
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

E. R. BUSH.
Democratic Candidate for
SUPERIOR JUDGE,
YOLO COUNTY.

H. B. PENDEGAST
Regular Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY CLERK
YOLO COUNTY.

J. H. HARLAN.
Democratic Candidate for
JOINT SENATOR,
YOLO AND SOLANO COUNTIES.

A. C. KEAN.
Democratic Candidate for
TREASURER,
YOLO COUNTY.

CHAS. G. DAY.
NEW CONSTITUTION CANDIDATE
FOR THE ASSEMBLY.

R. W. MEGOWAN.
New Constitution Candidate for
COUNTY RECORDER,
YOLO COUNTY.

J. O. MAXWELL.
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY RECORDER,
YOLO COUNTY.

FRED. KLAYS.
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY ASSESSOR,
YOLO COUNTY.

JNO. D. LAWSON.
Democratic Candidate for
SHERIFF,
YOLO COUNTY.

JOHN W. GOIN.
Democratic Candidate for
SUPERINTENDENT of SCHOOLS,
YOLO COUNTY.

HUDSON GRANT.
Democratic Candidate for
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
YOLO COUNTY,

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE

WOODLAND STANDARD,

Published Every Saturday

AT WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ONE YEAR,.....$2.00
Six Months,.....$1.00

The STANDARD will be furnished during the present political campaign

FOR 25 CENTS,

And those who wish to read a bright and spicy paper should send in their names at once.

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday,

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Ten days of suspense.

For School Books and Stationery, go to Greene's.

An interesting letter from Georgia will appear next week.

The wheat market is off again and there is not much grain changing hands.

White, Beerstecher and Thornton will speak on Wednesday evening next.

School Books, both College and Public School, at St. Louis' Variety Store. *

The will be Episcopal service in the Advent Church on Sunday at 11 o'clock.

A mammoth stock of School Books always on hand at Elston's. *

The candidates are scattered all over the county—showing themselves.

The Public School opened this week with an attendance of about 350.

The excursion to the Perkins meeting at Sacramento last evening consisted of five cars well filled.

We return thanks to King, the Woodland artist for photographs of the three candidates for Governor of California.

Messrs. Price and Small, formerly of Colusa, have taken charge of the Craft House, and will conduct it hereafter.

One more week of politics, and then the people will have a rest. No one will be sorry—unless it is the defeated candidates.

The *Mail* man says that doing the washing is a wife's prerogative. When the women are voters, that editor had better not run for office.

We were favored with a slight sprinkle of rain on Thursday evening, which imparted a freshness to the atmosphere that was greatly needed.

The concert given by Lewie Andrews, the blind musician at Washington Hall on Wednesday evening was quite well attended. We have not learned the amount realized.

Sam Pendegast has just received a new stock of boots and shoes, on which he has marked the prices down to bed-rock figures. Call and take a look at them.

Trot out your Glenn story, Mr. Peek, and also the Democratic comfirmer who lives in Woodland, and we will see if it agrees with the one already told.

Country Schools furnished with supplies at lowest prices at Elston's Drug Store. *

If the fat boy of the *Democrat* don't quit ringing in funny items from other papers in his local columns without credit, we shall have to call attention the fact.

Jos. McKenna and Geo. T. Bromley will address the people of Woodland this evening. Little Joseph will not receive as many votes in this part of the district as he did in 1876.

Remember the Sunday School Excursion to San Francisco and Woodward's Gardens, which takes place two weeks from to-day. Tickets can be procured at the drug and jewelry stores.

Among the most worthy candidates for county offices this year, is J. O. Maxwell, Democratic candidate for Recorder. Mr. Maxwell is a young man of ability, and ought to be elected.

From all parts of the county we hear of the popularity of Fred. Klays, candidate for Assessor on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Klays will make a splendid officer, and is certain of election.

Don't forget that on next Tuesday evening Gov. Irwin, the best Governor California has had for a long time, will address the people of Woodland, in favor of Dr. Glenn. and the Democraiic ticket.

Mr. John Quilty has come out as a candidate for Constable in this township, on the Workingmen's ticket. Quilty says he intends to beat Powers bad in Cacheville, and will hold him even in Woodland.

There should be an officer in attendance at Washington Hall during entertainments, to see that order is maintained. The actions of a crowd of youngsters at the concert on Wednesday night were simply disgraceful.

The Workingmen have had their election tickets printed with a vignette at the head representing a Workingman's foot striking a Chinaman at the end of the back, and just above it the appropriate motto, "The Chinese must go."

Our job press was disabled this week by the breaking of a casting, and we have consequently been delayed with our job work. Mr. Harris, of the firm of Perry & Harris, machinists, repaired it, and we must say that he did a splendid piece of work. As a machinist he has no superiors in this part of the country.

Hesperian College opened this week with a good attendance. There are 76 names already enrolled, and these are mostly new students. As harvest is not over there are quite a number unable to be present at the opening of the term. Prof. Grant informs us that from the precent appearances the attendance will be an increase on that of last term.

Judge Johnson informs us that the bill granting the people of El Dorado county the privilege of voting to tax themselves for the purpose of building a railroad was passed before he was a member of the Legislature. The bill to get money from the State to build a railroad to El Dorado county was passed while he was a member, but—the Governor vetoed the bill.

Personating an Officer.

A few days ago a young man of this town entered the office of a well known citizen who has acted as his guardian, and informed that gentleman that he had been arrested at Madison in this county, and would have to go to jail if he did not put up $20, the amount of his fine. He said that he had been brought to town by the Constable at Madison, who was then waiting in front of the office with a horse and buggy. The gentleman thereupon stepped to the street, and asked the supposed Constable if the story related by the young man was true. He said it was, that his name was Jerome, and that he had a commitment for the wayward youth. He was then informed by the gentleman that he did not have the money with him, but that he would go home and get it if he would wait for a few moments. He then went to his home, got the money, and on his return, as he was passing the Court House, he saw Geo. Abbey, the Constable at Madison, and told him the circumstances. Abbey informed him that there was no such man as Jerome in Madison, and that he was no doubt the victim of a hoax. On his return to the office, the Constable(?) had gone, and has not been back since. It has since been learned who the party really is, and were it not that the guardian does not wish to implicate the young man in the difficulty, a charge would likely he brought against the would be officer. It was a clear case of trying to obtain money under false pretences.

"Predestination—What is it!"

EDITOR STANDARD:—The sermon on the above text by "Spectator" published in Tuesday's issue of the *Democrat*, contains one clause, which furnishes an illustration of such remarkable intellectual density as would naturaly give cause for passing notice. The clause referred to is as follows: "Neither can we 'view with a critic's eye' the action of our Fourth of July Committee who have a fund to their credit in the Bank, for paying Rev. Theo. Beaizley 'nary a red' or even returning thanks for his services on that day, although they sent abroad last year and paid their imported orator one hundred dollars or thereabouts. Were that committee free moral agents it would seem that their action was an invidious discrimination against their own townsman, or a combination with the church to drive one of the ablest ministers Woodland has had out of the place."

Now from the above paragraph the inference would naturally be drawn that the committee who had charge of the Fourth of July celebration this year, also had charge of the celebration one year ago, or was a sort of a standing committee, the existence of which began far back in antiquity and which ever since had controlled and directed the patriotic impulses of the good people of Woodland and vicinity.

But "Spectator" *knows* that the committee of arrangments who were appointed at a mass meeting of the citizens this year, had no connection with the similar committee appointed one year ago, was under no obligation to look to the action of the committee of 1878 for a precedent, and were in no way responsible for the management of last year's committee. "Spectator" further knows that last year the "Orator from abroad" was paid $50 "or thereabouts," *not* "$100 or thereabout," also that the committee for this year decided not to "import," nor to contract for hire, with any one to deliver the oration, but to tender the position of Orator of the Day as an honor, to some gentleman of literary pursuits and of culture residing with us, and having interests identical, who would accept the same, understanding that it was an expression of public esteem, and tribute to his mental and moral attainments.

Knowing all this, "Spectator" must have *willfully* attempted to misrepresent in several particulars, viz.: 1st, in stating that the orator of one year ago received $100 or thereabouts for his oration. 2d, in intimating that the committee of this year had anything to do with the importation or appointment of last year's orator. 3d, in attempting to force a conclusion from his false premises that the committee of this year had made an "invidious discrimination" against, or combined with any one to expatriate any other person.

Such an attempt, so palpable and obvious to the entire community of Woodland, furnishes we apprehend, the rarest exhibition of intellectual twilight on record.

But it may be that the brains of "Spectator" have become addled in cogitating upon the painful uncertainty of his election this fall, or rather, the painful certainty of his defeat.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

LARGEST BOOK PUBLISHER.—The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is believed to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other one dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete as an aid in getting an education.

Mr. L. P. Everett, our present County Surveyor, and candidate for election on the Democratic ticket seems to have an easy fight. The New Constitution party have no candidate for the office, and the Republican candidate has not been heard of since his nomination. Mr. Everett is a good Surveyor and will fill the office with satisfaction to the people.

King has taken photographs of the three candididates for Governor, and has them for sale. White looks as though he could eat more beef than the other two put together.

Winters Items.

WINTERS, Aug. 22, 1879.

During the week the thermometer has indicated an agreeable temperature, and a gentle shower on Thursday evening made the night quite cool.

Rev. J. C. Culton went on a deer hunt last Thursday, accompanied by several experienced hunters. It is expected that venison will be cheap in Winters when they return.

Miss Fannie Ish is spending a vacation with her sister in San Francisco.

Our Postmaster, Lorenzo Moody, is on a visit in San Francisco. His son, Homer, officiates in his stead.

Mr. Warren Hord, of our town, left on Monday to attend College in Woodland. We miss him, and hope his session may be one of great profit.

Mr. Ish has erected a new Pacific Windmill at his residence.

Wm. Baker and wife returned from the Bay last night—whither they had been on a pleasure tour.

Born—Six miles north of Winters; Aug. 19th, to Jno. Norton and wife, a son.

S.

The 3d of September is close at hand, and it would be well for the citizens of Yolo county to ponder a little over the matter of who, among the many candidates for county offices, will receive their votes. The office of Superior Judge is one that demands a man of ability. It is the most important office in the county, and voters should see that their votes are cast for no man who would be unable or incompetent to discharge the duties imposed upon him. There is but one of the three candidates in the field who is competent in every respect, and that is Judge E. R. Bush, present County Judge. The manner in which he has filled his present judicial position is a guarantee of what he will do in the future, and of itself is enough to insure his election.

One of the most uncalled for and malicious lies of the campaign is that started by the opponents of Hudson Grant, Democratic nominee for District Attorney, that he is the Bank candidate. Mr. Grant is not and never has been connected with the Bank or Bank's business in any manner, and the Bank has no interest nor hand whatever in his election. Mr. G. is one of the best lawyers in Yolo county, a straight-forward, honest, honorable man, and has never stooped to any low, dirty tricks, and by his course has gained the confidence and esteem of all good citizens. We feel confident that when election day comes he will receive the endorsement of all citizens who wish to see the county's business conducted in an honest and efficient manner.

W. J. Tinnin, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, addressed the citizens of Woodland on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Tinnin is a good talker and handled his subject in an able manner. The crowd was not large, but was attentive throughout. Enthusiasm was not very plentiful. In fact there has not been much at any of the meetings this year. The largest quantity was of the railroad variety, imported from Sacramento on the night of the Perkins meeting. It has been suggested that they only cheered to keep their courage up.

DAVISVILLE MEETING.—Quite a large and enthuastic meeting was held at Davisville on Wednesday evening last by the Democracy. The meeting was addressed by W. J. Tinnin, candidate for Secretary of State, and also by D. N. Hershey, Judge E. R. Bush, John W. Goin, Hudson Grant, and other candidates on the county ticket. The speakers were well received, and made a most favorable impression. Davisville can be counted one for a large Democratic majority.

We heard the remark made upon the street the other day by one who has "been there," that no man could conscientiously cast his vote for the red-petticoat candidate for District Attorney who had ever sat on a jury when he tried to try a case, for his efforts showed plainly he did not understand his business. If all those who have been punished by sitting upon juries where he has made his attempts hold the same opinion, his overwhelming defeat is assured.

Won't some of our new party men who are posted inform us just how many of the articles in the New Constitution, which instrument Hon. J. M. Kelley has such a fatherly love for, were voted for by that gentleman in the Convention?

Next Saturday evening. Aug. 30th, our gallant candidate for Congress, C. P. Berry, will address the people of this vicinity on the issues of the day. In his canvass of this district Mr. Berry has been greeted with enthusiasm wherever he has been, and he is certain to defeat McKenna by upwards of 1,000 majority. We hope all those in favor of sending a Democrat to Congress from this district will turn out and give him a rousing meeting.

The Democratic candidate for County Clerk, H. B. Pendegast, is making a gallant fight and gaining friends and votes wherever he goes. He is eminently fitted for the position to which he aspires, and we expect to see him elected by a good majority over both his opponents. He will make an officer of whom Yolo county may well be proud.

The Democratic County ticket is gaining in strength every day, and it would be no surprise to us to see the greater portion of it elected by majorities ranging from 100 to 300. Yolo county has never had a better ticket in the field, and if the people are a live to their bests interests, as they seem to be, the Democracy of Yolo are bound to win.

The campaign of 1880 is, the Grand Rapids *Democrat* declares, fairly opened, although the candidates for the office of President and Vice-President have not yet been named by either of the parties. The indications that the campaign is thus early opened is plain from the energetic actions and deliberations of both the Democratic and Republican leaders. The first great battle ground will be Ohio.

The Democratic candidates had a meeting in Merritt precinct night before last, and though by some mistake no previous notice was given, there was a larger crowd in attendance that at the Republican meeting a few evenings previous. The Republican banner precinct will roll up a majorrity for several of the Democratic candidates this year.

Kalloch, the W. P. C. candidate for Mayor of San Francisco, was to have made a speech in that city last night, in which he was to recite the history of the DeYoungs in return for the attacks they have made on him. The police ought to arrest them both for using vulgar language.

This is for You

Ladies, who desire to dress well. The most stylish and perfect fitting costumes can be produced at a large saving in money by using the "Domestic" Paper Fashions. Patterns mailed to any address on receipt of price in postage stamps. Send stamp for catalogue to J. W. EVANS,
"Domestic" Fashion Parlors, San Francisco.

L. P. EVERETT,
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
YOLO COUNTY.

PENDEGAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

CENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

L. P. EVERETT,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND COUNTY SURVEYOR OF YOLO COUNTY.
Office in Court House, Woodland.

F. E. BAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Practices in District and Supreme Courts. Office in Excelsior Block, WOODLAND, CAL.

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT

YOUR BUILDINGS?

—THEN USE—

PURE PAINTS & OILS.

They do the cheapest work because they go further and last longer.

WHITTEMRE & HIGGINSON,

WOODLAND, CAL.,

Have just received a large stock of

PAINTS,
OILS,
VARNISHES,
BRUSHES
WINDOW GLASS,
ETC., ETC.

They will sell you FINE ARTICLES, as low as you can buy them in San Francisco or Sacramento. **They Guarantee all articles as represented.** They buy largely from the best manufacturers and sell low for cash. Do not be deceived by interested parties who may try to influence you to trade away from home, but patronize your own county when you can do as well or better. This you can find to be the truth upon examination of our goods and prices.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS

In adjoining towns will do well to give us a call, as we keep a full line of their goods in stock.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

Druggists, One door west of Express Office, Main Street, Woodland, Cal

NEW FIRM!

H. H. LINNELL & C.,

37 and 39 J Street, Sacramento.

HARDWARE

—AND—

Agricultural Implements.

AGENTS FOR THE

Mitchell Wagons,
Weyrich Headers,
Anson Woods' Mowers & Reapers,
Buckeye Wheel Rakes,

Which we offer as first-class Goods. We also have a full line of Forks, Rakes, and all Harvesting Tools, with a WELL SELECTED STOCK OF HARDWARE.

We invite all to call and see us, or send us their orders.

We shall, by fair dealing, endeavor to merit patronage, and by selling at favorable rates, make it an object to purchase our goods.

Address,

H. H. LINNELL & CO.
Sacramento.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

H. H. LINNELL. may10-2m GEO. O. BATES.

C. W. PROCTOR,

PRACTICAL DRUGGIST,

Dealer in

Drugs, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

Under Craft Hotel, Main Street,.....Woodland

THE PIONEER

CORNER STORE.

WOODLAND

A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,
Grain Bags,
Sack Twine,

OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

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WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

"Fair Exchange No Robbery."

I wandered o'er the lea one day,
Naught else had I to do;
When sudden o'er my vision came
A form that well I knew;
Beneath a sunshade rosy,
Robed all in spotless white,
With rosebuds at her waist and throat,
There met my raptured sight,
A dainty maid with gold-brown hair,
And eyes of hazel hue,
Whose little hand, whose every word,
My heart thrilled through and through

As me she spied, a witching smile
Her lips breathed rippling out,
And with a shy yet trusting grace
One tiny hand held out.
I clasped it fond and raised it,
With fervor thrice it kissed,
And begged I might escort her
Where'er to go she list;
For oh! this maid had conquered me,
My heart was mine no more,
My soul cried out, "I love but you,
And will forevermore."

She raised her saucy eyes to mine
A moment, shy them dropped,
And said—Perhaps she cared not if
I went with her, or stopped;
Her rosy lips just parting,
She breathed a sweet "Good-bye,"
Just pressed my hand a trifle,
And heaved a tiny sigh;
This dainty maid, with gold-brown hair,
And eyes of hazel hue.
Whose little hand, whose every word,
My heart thrilled through and through.

I wandered down that woodland path,
As now the path of life,
Then, with a certain dainty maid,
Now, with a little wife;
For when I cried, "I love you,
My heart fore'er is thine!"
She whispered, "I'll but take it—
If, for it you'll take mine!"
'Twas thus my darling answered me,
My heart made mine no more,
My soul made cry, "I love but you,
And will forevermore."

—*Waverley.*

The Black Wolves of Puget Sound.

During the first four or five years that we tilled a farm on Cedar Creek, in Washington Territory, we were troubled a great deal by wolves, and by "wild dogs" from the Indian villages. There was no profit in raising sheep, or stock of any kind, on account of the depredations of these animals.

Nor could horses safely be left in the pasture. The best horse we ever had while there was "hamstrung" by wolves. And it was hardly safe for a man, even, to be out at certain times of the year, especially at night.

My brother Hanson, then seventeen years old, and myself, came very near losing our lives, one night in November. We were returning from a merry-making, at a neighboring settler's house, six or seven miles from our own place.

But I will first tell of an adventure which we had with a black wolf one evening, the summer before, in our very yard. It was between sunset and dark, and we were milking in the cow-house.

Joined to the cow-house was a corral, or pen, with a high fence round it. The fence was of strong stakes, driven into the ground, and was seven or eight feet high. The stakes were sharpened at the top, set close, and laced together with birch withes.

A door opened from the cow-house into the corral, and there was also a gate leading into it from the pasture outside. The gate was as high as the fence, but of late it had been propped open, a set of light bars having been put in place of it.

The calves—four of them—were out in the corral, where they had their drinking-troughs, and we had just given them their milk and porridge. One, however, was not weaned, and we turned the cow out to it; and she stood calmly chewing her cud, her head pointed into one corner, while the calf sucked.

As I have said, we were milking inside. Getting up to change pails, I chanced to glance out of the little window-hole, and saw a black wolf standing just outside the bars. He was looking in at the calves, and they were staring at him, without seeming to be much afraid.

As I looked, the wolf jumped the bars, and sprang at one of the calves. At that, the cow in the corner turned her head, and I never saw so sudden a transformation in any creature as took place in her. Her cud flew out of her mouth, and with a frightful bawling, she plunged at the animal on the instant.

The wolf turned and ran round the yard once or twice, then jumped out at the bars and stood facing her. The cow reached her head over the top bar, and shook her horns at him.

The wolf now began to move towards the bars, first at one end, then at the other, and watching his chance, he leaped in again past the cow.

Then round the corral they flew, till the cow once more drove him out. The wolf leaped in and the cow drove him out three or four times, while Hanse and I stood watching them through the window-hole. Then I started to get the gun, but Hanse said,—

"Hold on. Wait till he jumps in again. We'll slip out back, run round the corral and shut the gate. Then we shall have him!"

As the corral was too high for the wolf to jump it, that was what we did. We ran out quickly, shut the gate and propped it to, then ran back into the cow-house and looked out again.

Cow, wolf and calves, were going round the pen. The cow fairly barked, and the calves bawled with terror. They were all going round and round, the wolf dodging, snapping, and doing his best to keep from under the cow's feet.

Then we seized two oak stanchions, and opening the door, sprang out to take a hand in the battle. But the old cow was so crazy she did not know a man from a wolf, and she would dash headlong at us as fiercely as she would at him. In trying to dodge her, one of the calves' heads struck me in the back, and knocked me more than ten feet.

Before I could get up, the cow and wolf both ran over me. It was the most exciting and dangerously lively place I ever was in. We were glad to get out of it and let them go.

But the wolf at last became sick of being raced round the corral, and, turning savagely, jumped at the cow's nose. He seized it through the gristle, and after a smart tussle, threw her to the ground.

At that, Hanse and I sailed out again and attacked the wolf with our stanchion poles. The brute backed into a corner, showing his teeth and snarling; but he was so out of breath that he could do nothing more; and playing on to him with the poles, we soon killed him.

It was a large black wolf, long and gaunt, as they all are, and stood fully three feet high.

The cow presently got up, and seemed not much if any hurt; and then it was not long till the calf was sucking again. But before nine o'clock, the calf was dead. The milk seemed to have been envenomed, and was poison.

I think that the wolves in that section sometimes run mad, like dogs, and perhaps more frequently than dogs. On several occasions, we saw at a distance, running in the woods, wolves which behaved as if rabid.

And once, in the month of April, while three neighbors of ours were sitting, talking and smoking, one evening, in an unfinished house which they were building, a brindled wolf leaped headlong in through one of the spaces left for windows, and flew at them with every appearance of madness.

The beast would undoubtedly have bitten some of them, had not a dog belonging to one of the men sprang upon him. A frightful scuffle followed, which was only brought to an end by one of the party knocking the wolf on the head with an adze. The dog was much bitten, and three days after, showed such manifest symptoms of hydrophobia as led his master to shoot him.

Poisoning wild animals with strychnine is a cruel mode of thinning them off; but as the country thereabouts would be worthless for stock-raising till the wolves were destroyed, strychnine was used for that purpose.

Sometimes, when we had been killing a hog, or a beef creature, or had shot an elk, we would take the entrails and all the refuse meat out to a rocky knoll in our cleared pasture, about a hundred rods from the house, and there strew it about, having first "prepared" it with the poison.

This knoll was up thirty or forty rods from the creek. Some of the brutes would be pretty sure to scent the fresh meat before morning; and as soon as they had eaten of it, they would start for water. Next morning, we generally found them dead along by the creek.

One morning, late in November, after laying out a bountiful supply of "prepared meat" the night before, we found seven wolves and black-footed raccoon dead upon the water's edge.

And some of those were the handsomest wolves I have ever seen—great shaggy, beautifully "clouded" brutes. One, I remember, was a splendidly tinted "dusky" wolf. His hair was thick and long, and fairly sparkled in the cold sun-rays that morning when we picked him up. We made some "nobby" coats from these skins.

But the most of the wolves that came about us there were either black or very dark-brindled. These clouded and dusky ones we supposed were crosses of the black and gray wolves. Generally, the wolves of this region are large, bony and fierce. None of the settlers' dogs were a match for them.

The Indians of the Territory have some odd-looking dogs, which the settlers think were once wolves, or were bred from wolves. One of the Clallams who used to sometimes come to our house had a good-sized brindled-gray dog, with a sharp nose and prick ears; but the oddest thing about him was his tail, which was not more than six inches long, but as broad as a man's hand. We called them trowel-tailed dogs.

These same Clallams have also a white dog, with long, fine, curly hair, which they shear off every spring, and make into blankets.

I remember that, one day, an Indian called with a reddish dog, that had very short legs, but a body that was all of a yard in length. When running at a little distance off, it looked like a huge caterpillar.

The Indians about the Sound lost a great many dogs by feeding them so much on salmon every spring. The settlers never allow their dogs to eat raw salmon if they can keep them from it.

When Hanse and I were chased,—which is what I was going to tell about,—we had been to a "mutton feast" at the house of a neighbor named Sewell, who lived on the creek, six or seven miles above us.

Sewell had shot two mountain sheep a few days before, and invited in the neighboring settlers to have a taste of his mutton. For nobody knows how much we all used to pine for mutton and lamb during those first few years there, before we began to keep sheep. These mountain sheep, or goats, when fat, were very good mutton.

There was a dance and general good time. Hanse and I did not start for home till near midnight. We both rode one horse,—a large work-horse that we had brought up from California,—a good, steady, clever old creature, but slow. He did not mind carrying double, so long as we let him take his own time for it.

The trail led through a country of this sort, first up a long slope, intersected by gulches, then over a high "divide," and down another long slope, to the interval where we had made our farm.

We had come about a mile from Sewell's place. It was starlight, and not vere dark. I sat in front and held the bridle, Hanse behind with the gun. We usually carried a gun when out nights.

As we plodded along, I thought I saw something black moving beside a large rock that stood by the path, four or five rods ahead.

"Hanse, what's that?" and pulled up a little.

"Nothing but a black stump," said Hanse.

"It isn't a stump. I saw it move. Shoot at it."

"Oh, it's nothing," said he. "It will scare Jack to fire."

We started on, but I kept my eye on the black object. It did not stir now. Being partly in the shadow of the rock and a fir brush, I could not well make it out, even when we had got within twenty feet of it.

But it was a black wolf, and when we came up alongside, the brute jumped and snapped his teeth as loud as if they had been a whip. I don't know whether he jumped at the horse or at me, but his head came with considerable force against the horse's shoulder, close to my leg; and when he tumbled back, he set up a howl that made the whole country echo.

Jack sheered and started to run. As quick as he could, Hanse cocked the gun and fired at the wolf, but probably missed the animal.

We let the horse go, and Hanse tried to put another charge in the gun as we rode along. He poured in the powder right out of the horn, and holding the horn in his hand against the barrel, began to ram down a wad. But just then the horse stumbled over a log, and came near falling headlong. The powder-horn flew out of Hanse's hand, and the ramrod was broken short off.

Before we were fairly going again, I saw the wolf coming like a black streak, and after it another.

They both went past us, and drew up beside the rail, seventy-five or a hundred yards ahead, and there they waited.

When we came up, they both jumped and snapped, then stood and howled.

We had gone but a few yards further, however, when they both came flying at Jack's heels, to hamstring him. We yelled at them, and Hanse swung the gun and beat them back; but we saw still another one away behind, yelping at every leap.

We began to be really frightened then, for we knew that if a large number of the brutes were to gather, they would pull Jack down in spite of us. Once they get hold of a horse's fetlock, they will hang like leeches, and often they jump and seize a horse by the nose.

Near the top of the divide there was a large cedar stump that had been burned out hollow. It was a great smutty shell, as much as ten feet across, and fifteen or twenty feet high, except in one place on the side next the road, where it was burned down to not over five or six feet from the ground.

There were a great many such stubs, but this one happened to stand close to the trail.

"What if we should try that stump, and let Jack go?" Hanse exclaimed.

It seemed our best course, and I reined the horse to the foot of the stump. We both clambered on to it, then gave Jack a slap with the gun-stock to send him on.

We dropped down inside the stump, and heard our horse go off at full run, over the top of the divide and down the slope beyond, the three wolves after him.

We could hear other wolves, however, howling at a distance; but for a time, we thought we had given them the slip. We were mistaken, however. Soon one came racing along, then stopped for a moment, howled, and leaped up outside the stub so high that we caught a glimpse of his head.

The next time he jumped, Hanse gave him a blow with the gun-stock. At that, the brute howled the louder; and pretty soon, two or three more came along.

First one, then another of them, began to jump up outside. But it was too high, and whenever their heads came in sight, we would hit them with the gun-butt.

They finally got tired of this and went off. Either these, or others, came back several times, and we heard them howling near by for two or three hours.

We did not venture to climb out of our stump till it was broad daylight. Before we got home, we met father and our next neighbor, Mr. Dunham, looking along the trail as if expecting to find something.

We did not wonder that our folks had been greatly alarmed about us, and that they expected to find our well-picked bones beside the road.

Jack had escaped from the wolves, though they had scarred his legs somewhat, and reached home. It was very natural, therefore, that the folks should feel almost sure that the wolves had eaten us.—*Youth's Companion.*

"POLITE" TARDINESS PUNISHED.—Washington would not permit dinner to cool, waiting for tardy guests. The silly idea that to be in season at table is not genteel was soundly rebuked by an Englishman:

The late Marquis of Abercorn, determining, at least in his own arrangements, to obtain punctuality from his visitors, invited a large party to dinner. The card mentioned five o'clock precisely. On that hour arriving, his lordship found himself attended by a single gentleman; he, however, sat down to dinner and partook of the first course. About six, his visitors began to drop in; his lordship was at dinner. No apology was made; they seated themselves in awkward confusion, looked at their watches, and took dinner. The still more polite part of the assembly arrived about seven, and instead of dinner were served with coffee.

Tea is recommended for the following cases: After a full meal, when the system is oppressed; for the corpulent and the old; for hot climates, and especially for those who, living there, eat freely, or drink milk or alcohol; in cases of suspended animation; for soldiers and others marching in hot climates; for then, by promoting evaporation and cooling the body, it prevents in a degree the effects of too much food as of too great heat.

The Women of To-day.

In a Bombay cotton factory women receive $4 per month and men $8.

There are three lady physicians practicing their profession in Berlin.

The Women's "Central Club," of California, is forming branches throughout the States.

Lady waiters at hotels are discussing educational questions up in the White Mountains.

Rome, Italy, has been startled by a bicycle race between two ladies who both belong to the best society and are celebrated for their beauty.

A Paris magazine gives a list of French women who have obtained the academic degrees. There are five doctors of medicine, three licentiates of science, two bachelors of science and letters, six bachelors of science, and twenty bachelors of letters. These degrees have all been conferred since 1866.

The Empress of Austria likes a solitary hunting expedition. With her favorite rifle in hand she goes deep into the wooded mountains and solitary valleys which stretch around the imperial domain in every direction. Dressed in the rough costume of the Tyrol, she will often make excursions of two or three days' duration, staying at night at some distant cot, where the only fare, besides the game she brings with her, is goat cheese and milk with black bread.

The women of Rome have complexions like white wax, which are very lovely by gas light, but unhealthy looking by day. Their walk is very ungraceful, and they waddle like poor, tame ducks. They look alike, having the same waxen face and nose, black eyes and hair, opulence of flesh and the same walk. Their bow is very comical, One shrugs up her left shoulder, and turning her face over it, nods to you. This is the latest fashion in bowing to Roman high life.

If the world possessed more such young ladies as the one described in a Georgia paper, there would be fewer unhappy marriages. A young man and woman were to be married; the guests had assembled, and all were waiting for the bridegroom. At a late hour he came, much intoxicated, and though the bride was in bridal array, she declared with firm resolution, "I'll never, never marry you!" In spite of all pleadings she kept her word, and is making what was to be her bridal tour alone. Who can tell the years of misery and degradation saved her by such a course?

The story is told of Leo XIII. that one morning when Commander Sterbini was about to serve him with some salt, the cellar slipped from the tray and fell to the table. The pope rose from his seat, looked at the ground to see if any salt had fallen there, and then said: "Only see, the salt is upset, and had it fallen on the ground, I believe I should not have gotten over it to-day." Taking out a note-book he wrote in it a moment and then observed: "We shall see whether we do not have the loss of some beloved cardinal to deplore before long." Nine days later Cardinal Asquini died, and the pope called on Sterbini to read aloud the note he had made in the book, and then said to those around him: "Had the salt been scattered on the floor instead of upon the table, verily I believe I should now be standing before the judgment-seat."

"WHEN IT RAINS?"—That class who excuse their neglect of church services by alleging their fondness for worshiping God in nature may read with profit the following:

A new student had come to the university, and some time after his arrival he called to see Professor Tholuck. After a while the professor asked him where he went to church.

"Oh," said he, "I do not attend preaching! Instead of confining myself to the four walls of a building, I go out into the green fields and under the lofty arches of the forest trees. I listen to the singing of the birds, and the countless melodies of God's creatures, where everything that has breath praises the Lord."

The professor allowed him to go on in this strain for a while, and when he had finished, he quietly asked him, "But what do you do when it rains?"

When the Bowels are Disordered,

No time should be lost in resorting to a suitable remedy. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most reliable and widely esteemed medicine of its class. It removes the causes of constipation, or of undue relaxation of the intestines, which are usually indigestion or a misdirection of the bile. When it acts as a cathartic, it does not gripe and violently evacuate, but produces gradual and natural effects, very unlike those of a drastic purgative; and its power of assisting digestion nullifies those irritating conditions of the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestinal canal which produce first diarrhœa, and eventually dysentery. The medicine is, moreover, an agreeable one, and eminently pure and wholesome. Appetite and tranquil nightly slumber are both promoted by it.

Namby Pamby Stuff.

People who depend upon a weekly paper in order to keep posted on the events transpiring in the world, do not wish to be surfeited with sensational nonsense in the shape of namby pamby scribblings styled continued stories. The WEEKLY CHRONICLE, we are glad to see, discards this class of matter which is dished up by some of its contemporaries, and while giving entertaining miscellaneous reading, including complete stories, poetry, etc., by well-known authors, gives the news of the week in a readable shape. The "continued story" papers seem to ignore the publication of interesting accounts of actual occurrences and fill their columns with fiction of such a low grade as only to be sought for by the ignorant and depraved.

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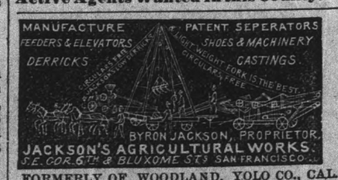

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THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detersive qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacture knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

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It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and other skin diseases.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

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Sensible girls avoid cosmetics but use PHOSPHATE SOAP for the toilet because it is fragrant, pure and pleasant.

The genuine merits of PHOSPHATE SOAP and persistent advertising will force every druggist, groceryman and general dealer to order it by the gross sooner or later. Ask for it in every store. The retail price is 25 cents per cake. We wish to sell it only at wholesale, but in case you cannot find it we will send a nice box of three cakes by mail, postage paid on receipt of 85 cents in stamps.

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204 Sacramento St., S. F.

Wit and Humor.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

Better bare feet and contentment therewith than patent leather boots and a corn on each toe.—[Marathon Independent.

When a man goes a-fishing and don't catch any fish, can you call him a try-angler sort of a fellow?—[Escanaba Iron Port.

McLaughlin is the champion wrestler, but then the Major never tackled a cucumber. He never was as foolish as a paragrapher.[N. Y. People.

A Bonanza man gave his daughter a mine as a wedding present. He was determined that she should not lack presents of mine.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

An old gentleman who had been intolerably annoyed by the hideous noise made by a drove of donkeys, mildly asked; "Do not those creatures ever die of softening of the *brayin'?*"

Settled.—"Landlady," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No" she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does:" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

"I never turn out for scoundrels," said a bully, meeting a Quaker, and stepping up square before him to inaugurate a quarrel. "I do," said the Quaker, and placidly took the other side of the way.

"I wish you would not give me such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

A quaint minister, at a public banquet, offered this brief but pointed prayer for a "blessing:" "Adam sinned by eating, and Noah by drinking. Save us, Lord, from the sin of the one and the folly of the other. Amen."

Professor, lecturing on psychology—"All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me. In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course no harm was meant, but still the class would laugh.

"The girls of our day are badly educated," said one of the members of a committee on education to the Bishop of Gloucester. "That cannot be denied," retorted his lordship. "However, there is one consolation—the boys will never find it out."

Why do ducks put their heads in water? For divers reasons. Why do they take them out? For sun-dry reasons. Why do they put them in again? To liquidate their little bills. Why do they take them out again? To make a run on the banks.

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

"Well, Bessie," said her mother, "have you been a good girl to-day?" "No, mamma." "Why, Bessie, I hope you have not been a bad girl?" "No, mamma," said the little thing, "not weddy bad, not weddy good, just a comerfable little girl."

A colored mail-carrier in Virginia, who had been well shaken by a man for kicking his dog, said: "Look-a-here, massa, you'd better be keerful how you shake dis chile; cos when you shakes me, yer shakes de whole ob the United States; I carries de mails."

Two statesmen were engaged in the comparatively innocent occupation of fishing the other day, when one of them said: "It wouldn't do to move the previous question here, James." "Why not?" inquired James: "Dont you see that if the motion was carried it would cut off all de bait?"

"Oh, my love, my sweet, may heaven's angels whisper golden words as they kiss your peachy cheeks!" wrote a lover to his sweetheart only six months ago; and now he wishes the angels would whisper to him how his breach of promise suit is likely to end, and his lawyer frankly says he cannot tell.

"I hear a whisper," said the minister. He was soaring a little in his sermon, imagining an angel to be hovering near and speaking. The deacon was just drowsy enough to be startled by the remark, and to reply hastily: "I guess it's the boys in the gallery." Moral; Don't soar, and don't drowse.

Gideon Cook, a Baptist preacher, was a man very eccentric in speech, even to his last earthly moments. A few hours previous to his death, his brother, also a preacher, came to his bedside and inquired, "Do you think you are dying, Gideon?" And the reply, sharp and quick, came, "Don't know—can't tell; never died."

A gentleman having mounted for the first time a pair of eye-glasses, an old friend remarked, "So you have come to eye-glasses at last?" "Well, yes; I put them on occasionally," was the reply. "Eyes beginning to fail you, eh?" "No, not at all. My eyes are just as good as they were when I was a boy, but I don't think the light is quite as good."

Looking For Work.—A prominent business man said to the reporter, "Things are decidedly brisk around town just now; there isn't an idle laboring man to be found about the place." Then the reporter walked down the street, and encountering a young man, inquired, "Don't you want a job?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well,——wants a man." "Does he? Well, I ain't going to handle lumber."—[Hackensack Republican.

A sophomore on being asked for an excuse for his absence from chapel on Sunday, said he was out walking and was so far from college when the church bell rang that he could not reach the chapel in season, and so attended the village church.

"Who preached there?" asked the professor.

"I don't know," said the student, "some stranger."

"Indeed!" was the reverend gentleman's response. "I am surprised that you did not recognize me."

The Power of Music.

Instruments of percussion, whether adorned with human skin or not, seem to be very favorite things with primitive man. This is no doubt owing to the ease with which such instruments could be made and used. The same reasoning applies to instruments of the harmonicon class, which have been constructed of every conceivable substance from which can be extracted an atom of resonance. Stringed instruments are also found in different forms in all quarters of the globe. The most primitive form is a rough board with a few strings stretched across it. This is the parent of the dulcimer, which in its turn is undoubtedly the prototype of most of our modern stringed instruments. The older method of procedure was to pluck the strings of all such instruments with a small, pointed piece of bone or stick, the violin bow being of later date altogether.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which gives color to the assumption that the love of music is natural and not acquired, that the various instruments used by savage tribes in widely separated countries are almost identical in character. This shows that the same ideas have arisen and have been acted upon by people who can have had no kind of communication. More than this: where the art has so far advanced as to give a definite structure to instruments, making them capable of affording a regular scale of notes, the particular arrangement adopted is the same in different countries. For instance, in Mexico and Peru we find an instrument which produces a scale of five notes (the Pentatonic scale), sometimes called the Scotch scale, because the arrangement is a characteristic feature of many of the Scottish melodies. In an opposite quarter of the globe altogether, namely, in China, we also find a clay instrument having five finger-holes, and giving the same scale.

These facts prove that musical ideas are not the result of civilization, but are naturally acquired. The same delight with which a child shakes its rattle urges the savage to act in the same manner. It may be imagined that the first step in the process of musical education was prompted by the wish to imitate the calls of birds, either for the mere sake of imitation or as a help to snaring them for the purposes of food. The voice would naturally be the agent employed, until some accident, such as the whistling of the wind through the reeds, or past some favorably placed hole in the rocks, would suggest that art might be capable of producing sounds of louder quality.

It is probable that every nation under the sun has contributed in some degree to the various instruments used in our modern orchestra. We have arrived at a pitch of perfection in their manufacture which renders any great improvement in them simply impossible. Not only has the skill of the best workmen been devoted to them, but the aid of science has also been enlisted in their service. We now know the conditions under which sounds are made manifest to our senses. We can analyze them, and by suitable materials and mode of workmanship can give them a certain quality or *timbre*, a judicious blending of which constitutes the charm of a complete orchestra. There is no more interesting field of inquiry than this question of the *timbre* of musical sounds. We have no English word to express this quality, and therefore we use a French one; but the great German physicist Helmholtz makes use of a far more expressive term for the same thing, that is, *Klangfarbe*, the English equivalent for which would be clang-tint. He tells us that the peculiar clang-tint of every instrument by which we can identify it is due simply to the number of harmonics, or overtones, which fill the air when any one note is sounded. It is difficult for even a practiced ear to detect these superposed sounds; but by suitable apparatus their presence in all instruments is rendered audible. In the piano and violins these overtones follow one another in a regular series. For instance, we will suppose that a certain note on the violin gives five hundred vibrations in a second of time. The overtones to that note will give respectively twice, three times, four times, etc., five hundred vibrations; and such a series will form the octave, the fifth, the superoctave, the third, etc., of the note sounded. But in the clarionet and other instruments the harmonics follow a different order, and therefore the *timbre* of the sounds produced is entirely changed. A curious fact in connection with this subject is that Helmholtz's beautiful theory was long ago anticipated in practice by the builders of church organs. In all old organs we find what are called *mixture* stops. In these stops, instead of one pipe to each note, there are three or four; so that when a single key is depressed, a full chord is sounded. Now these pipes are tuned to the harmonics or overtones of the notes to which they are attached, and therefore add a richness of clang-tint to the full organ.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Flirtation in a Theater.—Scene, a theater. Seated in the orchestra a lady and gentleman; the former much enamored of the latter, in fact, desirous of winning him. The lady, however, has flirting tendencies, and indulges them with a handsome party in the circle. The escort is not unobservant of this little by-play, and finally asks, smilingly, "Do you know that gentleman with whom you are flirting?"

An embarrassed negative is the reply.

"Then excuse me a moment."

The escort immediately crosses the theater, puts a similar question to the other conspirator, "Sir, are you acquainted with the lady at whom you have been smiling this last half hour?"

"No!"

"Would you like to be?" pleasantly.

Very much surprised, "Certainly."

"Then come with me."

A moment later the escort introduces the not altogether comfortable pair. Then the mild expression leaves the insulted gentleman's face, and he says sternly:

"Now, sir, you may accompany this lady home!"

With a bow he takes his leave, and the woman who loves him never hears his voice again.—*Forney's Progress.*

Music Hath Charms.

Watch an errand-boy in any of our crowded thoroughfares. Can he be quiet? Not a bit of it. Noisy he must be, or nothing. Whistling a popular melody with that earnestness of purpose peculiar to him, or with forefingers stretching wide his mouth, emitting a shriek only excelled by a railway engine, he goes on his way rejoicing. Perhaps he accompanies his performance by dragging a stick along the palings which he happens to be passing, making them ring again. But in some way or other he will have noise, for he delights in it as part of his very nature. As he grows older, he is sure sooner or later to fulfill his destiny and procure some kind of musical instrument. A penny whistle is generally his first investment, and some popular negro melody his first tune. Later on, when the period of hobbledehoyhood grows upon him, he affects that dreadful instrument of torture, a cheap concertina. With this, and one or two boon companions similarly armed, he parades the streets when work is over, and enjoys himself in his own way.

If we examine the contents of a modern toy-shop, we shall find that nearly fifty per cent of the stock is intended for the production of noise. First we notice the corals, which no well-conducted baby would condescend to notice unless they were decorated with noisy little bells. Then we have several types of rattle. There is the rattle proper, made of basket-work, and containing some mysterious articles which tinkle whenever it is moved. Then there is the improved rattle—a kind of small drum fixed on a handle, and occasionally crowned with a cap and bells. Next we have drums of all sizes, made of real parchment, and capable of any amount of acoustic display. By-the-way, we have remarked that toy drum skins are often covered with legal matter, reminiscences of forgotten lawsuits. It is a question, therefore, whether some of them were not very noisy subjects before being brought to the drum-head. Trumpets galore, only capable of producing one solitary note; but that one note is of such distressing nasal qualities that it is more than sufficient to make good all deficiencies. Then comes the harmonicon tribe—plates of brass, glass, or even of hard wood placed in a frame, and tinkled into melody by little wooden mallets.

Our list is not half complete, for we have not yet touched upon the delicate subject of whistles. We have noticed in this connection with some sadness that, not content with the whistle *per se*, a degenerate custom has lately obtained of attaching surreptitious whistles to other toys. The baby's coral has often this exasperating addition. Riding-whips and pop-guns are also to be regarded with suspicion for the same reason. There is also a numerous class of vulcanized India rubber dolls and animals which are squeezed into expressing their feelings through a small metallic whistle which forms part of their internal economy.

Another wide field for the invention of noisy toys is comprised in the wire-stringed class. These are generally in the form of carts or wagons, and the peculiarly aggravating feature of their construction is not guessed at until the wheels revolve. This operation is accompanied by a most irritating tum-tumming on three or four wires, which are plucked by bristles on the axle of the wheels. Sometimes the same apparatus is inclosed in a box, and is set in motion by means of a handle, with the same pleasurable result as that achieved by one of the old-fashioned street organs with a monkey.

It is a curious fact that the acoustic principles on which the construction of most of these toys is based were known and utilized by savage nations all the world over for many centuries before intercourse with Europe became possible. Indeed, some of their musical instruments (in use at the present day) are of unknown antiquity. Thus the North American Indians make rattles of dried gourds filled with pebbles—an instrument capable of making a formidable noise. Baked clay vessels are also turned to the same purpose. Gourds are used in another way by the Hindoos, who attach them to a species of stringed instrument to increase its resonance, in the same way that we employ sound-boards in the present day. Pandean pipes made of reeds seem to be the common property of every nation under the sun; indeed, all kinds of pipes and flutes are common to all countries, and in many cases the term flute is applied to all wind instruments indiscriminately. Savage nations make their flutes either of pottery or bone, the tibia or perhaps the thigh-bone of a fallen foe often furnishing his enemies with music for many years after his decease. And this is not the only case of human remains being turned to musical account, for travelers tell us that drums are often stretched with human skin. Thus savages are not content with belaboring their foes during life, but continue the castigation after they have ceased to exist.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The late Henry Wilberforce, the son of the philanthropist, and the brother-in-law of Cardinal Manning, was, while a very clever man, the most slovenly, untidy and unpractical of mortals. He once engaged to spend a vacation at the country house of a well-known nobleman. The coach was to start at 12, and at five minutes to 12 he had made no preparation whatever. A friend whom he was detaining with his talk told him he would certainly miss the coach. He at once spread a large blue cloak on the floor, took out all the drawers from a chest, turned out the contents on the cloak one after another, boots, brushes, etc., on the top of them, knotted together the opposite corners of the cloak, ran off and caught the coach, though what my lord's butler, or groom of the chambers said to it never was known.

"Is a robber who kills his victim inadvertently," asks the *N. Y. Tribune*, "deserving of death like a deliberate assassin?" Certainly not. The question of deliberation ought always to be considered. The inadvertent murderer should be hanged inadvertently, and not deliberately like the cold-blooded assassin.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A High-Priced Mistake.

Two miners sat down in the wilderness of southern Utah a few months since to munch their bread and then pursue their wanderings and their search for wealth. They were "prospectors," who, having left the beaten track of treasure-seekers, wandered off, to the amusement of their fellows, into the comparatively level country, where months of searching had revealed nothing.

"We had better get back into the mountain country, Jim," said his "pard."

As he spoke his tool struck something a few inches under the sand, and the prospector found a fracture on the rocks and picked up a small, yellowish piece of stone.

"What's that?" said Tom, as he saw with what feverish earnestness his "pard" examined the piece.

"Egad! I think it's horn silver!"

They were without provisions and clothes; they had not means with which to pay the fee for securing their "find." After opening up their prize sufficiently to show that a vein of ore existed, they offered it to Mr. Ben Morgan, of Pittsburg, who is operating smelting works a few miles below Salt Lake City, for $18,000. Mr. Morgan sought the advice of the superintendent of the Ontario mine. Together they examined the new "find," and unfortunately for the genial Ben, they decided it was not worth risking the money on. The miners continued to open their vein, but soon again were stranded, when one of them wrote to two Irish friends who had already lost money on supposed "finds," and besought them to try their luck once more. After much importuning they invested enough money to give the miners a good start, when the development of the mine proceeded rapidly. Four shafts were sunk and a number of intermediate galleries run which connected the shafts. The work was pushed solely with a view to show the magnitude of the deposit. It was the marvel of the whole country. Conservative old engineers measured the ore bodies actually in sight, taking nothing for granted; and made numerous analyses in all parts of the mine to determine its richness, and the most cautious calculated the silver in sight as worth $27,000,000. Jay Cooke, hearing of this prize, secured an option of a one-half interest for $2,500,000 for a short time, and hastening eastward he induced a number of Englishmen in New York to invest, and they took it at this price, the four original owners declining to sell the remaining half at any price. This is the now famous "Horn Silver Mine," or "New Bonanza," around which a town has in a few months clustered called "Frisco," and to which one mine the Utah Southern railroad will this summer be extended nearly three hundred miles.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

A Plant that Kills by its Sting.

One of the best points about our North American forests is that a careless person may ramble in them for a month at a time and come to no harm from poisonous scrubs or vines. Saving a few species of nettles, which are not so virulent as the European species, and an occasional poisonous Rhus, the mosquitoes and fleas have no competitors. It is different in the antipodean forests. Not only has the traveler to be constantly on the alert for about a hundred different kinds of poisonous snakes, but there are trees and shrubs whose poison is virulent enough to make the vapors from the famous upas-tree harmless in comparison. There is one scrub growing in Queensland which actually kills men and horses if a certain proportion of their body be stung by it. The curious thing is that the sting leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and comes on again and again for months on every change of temperature, such as the body experiences when in bed. Horses become so frantic when stung that they have to be shot, and dogs gnaw off affected parts if they can be reached. The scrub is not named botanically. It grows from three inches high to fifteen feet. In the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar, disagreeable smell but it is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all round the edge, like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer. It usually grows among palm trees.

Philosophy of Death.—The polity of the Egyptians made every man an undertaker and the priesthood a senate of sextons. The labor of races was spent on the excavation of catacombs. The chief end of man being to be buried well, the arts most in request were masonry and embalming to give imperishability to the corpse.

The Greek had quite another philosophy. He loved life and delighted in beauty. He set his wit and taste, like electric gas, under these mountains of stone and lifted them. He drove away the embalmers and built no more doleful, mountainous tombs. He brought wreaths of laurel and looked at death only as the distributer of imperishable glory. Nothing can excel the beauty of his sarcophagus. The poet Shelley says of the carved white marble cells at Pompeii, that "they seem not so much tombs as voluptuous chambers for immortal spirits."

In the same spirit the modern Geeeks, in their songs, ask "that they may be buried where the sun can see them, and that a little window may be cut in the sepulcher, from which the swallow might be seen when it comes back in the spring."—*R. W. Emerson.*

A Boston company is now turning out between ten and twelve thousand pounds of ice a day, which they contract to deliver at one-half cent per pound. The process employed is said to be the cheapest known to science. The cost of manufacturing is only eighty-five cents a ton.

A Catholic French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in which were notes denouncing Protestants and declaring that slavery is not contrary to natural order, and that some laborers would be happier were they slaves instead of freemen, has been expunged by the municipality of Paris from the prize catalogue of the schools.

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DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....AUG. 23, 1879

Disgusting.

The Willows *Journal*, a Republican paper, has the following to say of the disgusting manner in which the Radicals are attacking Dr. Glenn:

The statements about Dr. Glenn having been instrumental in bringing about the death of the young man who was brutally shot down some years ago by one Matthews Murray, who is now suffering condign punishment, are all bosh. We expect, as an individual, to go for Perkins, but we don't like to see the papers that are favoring the election of our man resort to such slanderous and untruthful statements to make votes. We have known Dr. Glenn for years; we know him to be an honorable gentleman, who is liked by his neighbors, and instead of making votes for Perkins the Republican press disgust sensible Republicans when they try to make Dr. Glenn out an infamous wretch.

How to Print Several Copies of a Letter.—A new process, by M. Chardon, is as follows: Make a zinc tray about a quarter of an inch in depth, and pour into it a warm solution made as follows: Water, four ounces; sulphate of baryta, two and one-half ounces; sugar, one ounce; gelatine; one ounce; glycerine, six ounces. Write whatever is required to be printed up on a sheet of white paper, using instead of ordinary ink the aniline color known as "violet of methylaniline." As soon as the writing is pretty dry, lay it upon the gelatine surface and rub the back of the paper with the palm of the hand. The ink will be absorbed by the gelatinous product. All that is to be done in order to obtain a *fac simile* of the writing is to lay a sheet of paper upon the writing on the gelatine and rub the back with the hand. From 40 to 50 can thus be drawn off in a few minutes. We find that in warm weather, plates thus prepared remain too soft and adhesive to work satisfactorily. Better results are obtained when a larger proportion of barium sulphate—say three and one-half instead of two and one-half ounces—are used and the mixture is heated for an hour on the water-bath.—[Scientific American.

A gentleman named Level was in Roseburg, Oregon, last week, and had one of the fingers of his left hand amputated. The reason for the amputation was that a short time ago Mr. Level opened an abscess on the hand of another party with his penknife, and shortly thereafter inflicted a slight wound upon his own hand. The virus from the other party's abscess clung to the blade of the knife used, and carried poison to the wound inflicted upon Mr. Level's hand.

Hurrah for Napa! She had an appropriation of $80,000 with which to build a courthouse, and only spent $55,607 of the amount. The officials of Napa county deserve three cheers, and we tender them, with a "tiger" thrown in, for daring to spend less than the full amount of an appropriation. In most others counties an additional tax would have been called for to complete the "job."—[Alameda Encinal.

These Poor Husbands.—In a dry-goods store the other day a gentleman trod on the train of a lady's dress.

The lady turned around savagely, with a furious look on her face, as if she were about to destroy the culprit, and then suddenly changed her expression to one of apology:

"Ah! pardon me, sir," she said, smiling, "I thought it was my husband!"

"My son," said a step-father to a seven-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you. Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school." "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she told me I was like my father."

He was inclined to be facetious. "What quantities of dried grass you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.

"No, sir," said the gentleman from Pittsburgh, "I was not in the war, but my brother was and he was wounded." "Ah! indeed. Seriously wounded?" Yes, sir; he was shot in the horse."

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Give me a call when you want anything in my line and you will be convinced.

HENRY CRANER.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,

DRUGGISTS.

[Successors to Mack Webber.]

One Door West of Express Office,

WOOLAND.

We take this opportunity to thank the citizens of Woodland and surrounding country for the liberal patronage shown to us during the short time we have been here, and will state that we shall always keep a well selected stock, which we will sell at unusually low prices, thereby obviating any necessity for leaving our town to look for better supply or prices elsewhere.

The articles in our line are too numerous to mention in an advertisement, but we shall enumerate a few of the more prominent:

Pure Cream Tartar, Baking Soda Washing Soda, Strictly Pure Spices, Flavoring Extracts, Gum Camphor, Persian Insect Powder, (sure death to flies and all insects), *Fly Sticking Paper, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Chest Protectors Rubber Combs, Horn Combs, Brushes in great variety, Celluloid Combs and Brushes very cheap. All the*

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

French and English Perfumery,

BOTTLES FOR DECORATING,

A Fine Lot of

FANCY SOAPS, VERY CHEAP!

Nursing Bottles in great variety, and a full assortment of Drugs and Chemicals, Etc., Etc.

THE SEWING MACHINE OF TO-DAY.

"DOMESTIC"
THE LIGHT RUNNING

The Most Efficient and Enduring of

SEWING MACHINES.

It saves muscle, health, time and temper. Does the widest range of work with the least adjusting, least noise and least effort.

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They are unsurpassed in STYLE and peafect in FIT.

Send stamp for catalogue. Good Agents wanted in every town.

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THE PIONEER

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A. NICKELSBURG & BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain,
Grain Bags,
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OILS,

Etc., Etc., Etc,

LOW PRICES FOR GOODS,

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FAIR DEALING GUARANTEED

To Everybody.

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PENDECAST & CO.,

WOODLAND,

Wish to call the attention of their friends of Woodland and vicinity to the fact that they have added to their stock of

BOOTS AND SHOES,

A FULL LINE OF

GENTS' CLOTHING,

Furnishing Goods,

HATS, ETC.,

Which they are prepared to sell as cheap as any house in the country.

GIVE US A CALL.

mar15.

GREAT REDUCTION!

—IN—

DRY GODS, CLOTHIN G,

FANCY GOODS,

Etc., Etc.

The above goods will be sold for the next 60 DAYS at 25 per cent. less than they can be bought in any other place in this county.

DRESS GOODS, worth 30 and 35 cts.,				15 Cts.
"	"	"	50 "	25 "
"	"	"	75 "	40 "
"	"	"	1 00 "	62½ "
MEN'S SUITS, worth $20,				$12.50
"	"	"	$25,	15,00

Call in before purchasing elsewhere'

Haas & Kauffman.

Winters.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

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